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When you're out to beat the world

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Next week

BACK AND BATTING. Tony Conigliaro begins the story of his beating, his desperate struggle to recover from legal blindness and, finally, the miracle that renewed his career.

THE WORLD CUP. Soccer's summer meeting in Mexico, past the best national teams from the 33 countries where the game is played. Tex Maule reports from the four Cup sites.

FISHING BOATS with split personalities—small enough to skim the fish yet seaworthy offshore—are enjoying a big new boom. Photographed in color by Eric Schweikardt.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

CUPFUL

Packed into Madison Square Garden last Sunday afternoon was a huge, seething collection of summer street people—young Latinos in white, short-sleeved shirts, long-haired European types in bell-bottoms, Spanish-speaking mothers with a baby in each arm. A fat man in iridescent blue, originally from Ecuador, stood up and roared, "Bra-sill!" A cop sharply blew his whistle and yelled, "Siddown." Yellow-shirted ushers rushed from row to row chasing fans from seats they didn't belong in. All were there to watch the closed-circuit satellite showing of the England-Brazil World Cup soccer game in Mexico. When Brazil's Jair Filho Ventura scored the only goal of the game, a group of frenzied West Indians tore off their shirts with joy.

Elsewhere, much the same scenes occurred. The general manager of the Maurice Richard Arena in Montreal was startled to find he had to turn away 1,000 people after filling to 5,200 capacity. In the San Francisco Cow Palace, a mainly Latin crowd of 10,000 let out a war whoop when Brazil scored, and in Detroit spectators leaving the Masonic Temple auditorium watched a tooting caravan of cars pull away with Brazilian flags flying.

To most Americans, soccer is an unimportant game. To the rest of the world it is *the game*, with the World Cup the grand climax. Indeed, by the time play ends in Mexico, an estimated one billion people will have watched it, including those delicious fans in the U.S. and Canada last Sunday.

BRAINCHILD

Southern California, the home of Hula-Hooping, skateboarding and other activities, has given birth to a new pastime—windsurfing. The sport is done with a 12-foot surfboard equipped with a universal joint, a double-hinged gizmo that allows a 14-foot mast to hold a 56-square-foot sail. The sail has a win-

dow in it so the surfer can see where he is heading at 20 mph. Windsurfing boards cost \$300 and up. The sport is the brainchild of Hoyle Schweitzer of Pacific Palisades, a computer analyst, who simply wanted to be able to surf when the waves weren't up.

NO BLUES IS GOOD NEWS

As our Charles Goren anticipated, no member of the famous Blue Team will represent Italy at the world bridge championships in Stockholm later this month. No Blues even participated in the trials to select the Italian team, and all the players chosen are relatively unknown in international competition. This vastly enhances the chances for the Dallas Aces (SI, March 23) to win the title and bring the Bermuda Bowl back across the Atlantic for the first time in 16 years. Indeed, the Aces are now heavy favorites in the tournament.

I SPY

In Washington for a game against the Senators, Manager Charlie Metro of the Kansas City Royals saw something unsettling: a TV camera and cameraman in the deep center-field mezzanine boxes in Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium. The camera was not there for the game telecast, and Metro did not believe it was there to help the Senators analyze their batting problems on film the next day. No sure, Metro charged the camera was there to steal the signs of the Kansas City catcher. "I've seen quite a few things in my time," he says, "and I make it a practice when I come to a ball park to look around and check things out. I had no idea Washington was using a camera. I just was looking around and saw it." Metro protested the game early, but his protest became moot after Kansas City won.

Metro, who says that other spy cameras are being used in the majors, has asked American League President Joe Cronin for a ruling. "They had one in Chicago when I was with the Cubs,"

Metro admits. "It was a closed-circuit camera, and its receiver was kept in a little room behind the Cub dugout that was always locked until the game started. The picture was so clear you could see the cuticle on the catcher's fingernails." Metro claims that he had the camera removed when he became head coach. "I didn't like the device," he says, "and besides, our batters were so poor they couldn't hit the ball even if they knew it was coming. Once when we were using the camera against the Cards, they beat us a doubleheader, 9-0 and 11-0."

THE WAY TO AMERICA'S CUP

Evidence accumulates that the French are serious indeed about their America's Cup challenge. Among other elements, the 40-man expeditionary force arriving in Newport this month will include a chef. One can see the crewmen now, their hearts soufle-light as they begin each day's toil in the certain knowledge that evening will bring something on the order of a succulent *sole huître femelle*.



not the dread American hamburger, but soggy.

Not that the French have no worries. New York Financier Bruno Bieh, son of the challenger, Baron Mareel Bieh, says the U.S. is still substantially ahead in the important technical matter of cutting sailcloth, and the French can't believe that the U.S. helmsman they fear most, Bus Mosbacher, will not somehow contrive to steer the U.S. defender, al-

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SCORECARD continued

though he has said he is not available. If it turns out that Bus does return, and brings a hamper of sandwiches with him, the French will be in serious trouble, *bonne femme* or no.

HARSH WORDS FOR HABER

Handball's bad boy, Paul Haber, has finally run afoul of the sport's Grand Pangandrum, Boh Kendlar, a millionaire Chicago home builder and president of the United States Handball Association. In the last five years Haber has hoored and caroused his way to victory in four national singles championships, most recently in March, and Kendlar, a devout Christian Scientist, stood by him. Now Kendlar has had it.

In the latest issue of *Arce*, the USHA magazine, Kendlar has written an open letter to Attorney Ted Tannenbaum. Haber's partner in the new Professional Handball Association, "I think your idea has merit," writes Kendlar, "but you picked the wrong man! Haber's influence has been sickening. We don't think the symbol of our sport should be an athletic bum, even though his skill is outstanding." After more strong language, Kendlar finally warns, "The USHA will not harbor any player who joins Haber's 'Play for Pay' gang."

SHEEPSKIN

Many a college football player who makes the pro ranks fails to get his degree. Such was the case with Roy Jefferson, who signed as a wide receiver with the Pittsburgh Steelers in 1965 after playing for the University of Utah. The fact that he lacked a diploma ranked Jefferson "I kept looking back," he said. "I was ashamed and embarrassed that I did not have that piece of paper." After last season, Jefferson took a leave of absence from his personnel job at U.S. Steel and paid his own tuition at Utah. Last week he finally got his degree. "When I went to school as an athlete, a snowstorm could discourage me from going to class," he recalled. "Now I'd walk through two feet of it." Then Jefferson summed it up this way: "Football can get you there, but it takes education to keep you there."

GROPPED BATON

The Jackson Daily News Relays, for nine years Mississippi's largest and best track and field meet, died quietly this spring as the result of integration. The only peo-

ple to notice its passing were dedicated track fans and coaches at schools who scheduled meets around the Relays.

The Relays, co-sponsored by Jackson Murrah High School and the *Jackson Daily News*, were first integrated in 1968. Black athletes participated in more significant numbers in 1969. However, pictures of black athletes who won Relay events were never published in either of Jackson's two newspapers.

With more school desegregation taking place this year, the decision to cancel the Relays seemed the only solution to the state's racism. In most areas sports offer a setting where blacks and whites can meet in honest competition. That, evidently, is not good enough for Mississippi.

WHEW

British Columbia, which is bigger than Oregon, Washington and California combined, is one of the world's most dynastic producers of foul smells. There are 22 wood pulp mills in the province, and from each emerges a smog of sulfide that affronts the nostrils with a stench reminiscent of rotten eggs, very rotten. Not that noses in British Columbia are the only ones affected. The odor of pulp mills is equally obnoxious to Swedes, Finns, Russians, Japanese, Americans or anyone else who lives near a pulp mill. But in British Columbia Ray Williston, the Minister of Resources, is making a desperate attempt to do something about it. He has offered an award of \$250,000—to anyone, anywhere—who will develop a method or a device to eliminate pulp mill odor.

Pulp mill technologists believe they already have reduced the stench to a minimum. In pulp manufacturing wood chips are digested by chemicals, and the subsequent waste is then put through a complex cooking cycle. It is this which releases malodorous sulfide into the air. Repeated controlled burnings reduce the amount of waste to only one-millionth part of its original content. But a mere one part of this gas mixed with two billion parts of air sets nostrils quivering with revulsion. The prevailing industry theory is that the gaseous residue responsible cannot be reduced any further, that nothing more can be done.

"People who talk like that are living in the world of yesterday," says Wil-

lution. "There has to be a solution." So far, the response to Williston's proposal has been remarkable. He has received more than 500 letters from all over the world requesting additional information, and engineers from Sweden, Japan and India have flown in to discuss the matter personally. The offer expires Jan. 1, 1973. Get busy.

McLAREN

Year after year, young New Zealander Bruce McLaren would come to America, shake the money tree that is the Can-Am Challenge Cup and return to his base in England with prizes in six figures. He built his cars himself—great brutish 200-mph sports cars—and they were incomparably better than those of his rivals. He drove them expertly, as did his fellow countryman and team driver, Denis Hulme. For three years McLaren and Hulme dominated the Can-Am series, the most important road-racing circuit in North America, so overwhelmingly that the crumbs remaining for others usually went to drivers in last year's McLarens. McLaren also built Grand Prix cars, in which he was a good, steady performer.

Of flash and glister, McLaren had none. He had to make do with such quaint, old-fashioned virtues as character, courage, persistence, precise thought, careful organization. The nature of McLaren's calling, however, was such that fatal accidents could happen abruptly to the best and safest drivers. Thus, to our deep regret, was the case last week when a mechanical failure, beyond McLaren's immediate control, caused his newest Can-Am car to crash while he was testing it at Goodwood, England. He was 32.

INTEREST RATING

A Cincinnati building and loan bank is offering an official red, white and blue ABA basketball as a gift for every \$250 deposit left 90 days. Think that's a bargain? For \$1,000 left for 90 days, a depositor receives an ice bucket.

THEY SAID IT

- Jerry Leivas, Houston Oilers flanker: "As the season progresses I get lighter, faster and more afraid."
- Mary Bacon, 20-year-old blonde jockey, on why she is always careful to put on her gold earrings before a race: "Just so they'll know I'm a girl."

END

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SAINTS AND SIDEWALKS

The theme songs were different at Epsom and Belmont, but the theme was the same—classic competition among the best thoroughbred colts available. Plenty were available at Epsom Downs, in any case **by WHITNEY TOWER**

On the final yards of three-inch grass on Epsom's famed stretch they came—not the horses, but the red-and-black-uniformed Regimental Band of the Welsh Guards, huffing and pulling to keep in line and in step as they wheeled out the military's version of *When the Sun Goes Marching In*. British traditionalists, never before having been exposed to formal orchestration in the history of the Derby, paused in mid-munch of waterless sandwiches and even, for a moment, put down their undersize glasses of iceless whiskey, Pimm's Cup or gin and tonic. They were observing only the first of the day's wondrous happenings.

Some 72 hours later, and more than 3,000 miles away at Long Island's Belmont Park, veteran Conductor George Seuffert raised his baton as a signal for his loyal band to tootle *The Sidewalks of New York*, which seems to have been adopted as lead-in music for the Belmont Stakes. The sidewalkers of New York being what they are these days, maybe Belmont should opt for *Pomp and Circumstance* next June. In any case, just as Seuffert's lads were bending to the task, the sun came out for the only time all day to mark the one bright spot in an otherwise dismal afternoon.

The two classics run an ocean apart last week—the 191st Derby Stakes at Epsom and the 102nd Belmont Stakes—are supposed to be the authentic tests for 3-year-old thoroughbreds. Both are at a mile and a half with all runners car-

rying scale weight of 126 pounds, and traditionally bring together a field in which pure sprinters are quickly eliminated, and both are proves widely sought by breeders. Racing's old-guard putons on the two continents consider the Derby and the Belmont as the Dom Perignon of the sport.

Last week the patrons were served up a marvelous vintage of Dom Perignon at Epsom and a watered-down tumbler of mediocre whiskey at Belmont. In fact, there was no comparison. First, Charlie Engelhard's Nijinsky maintained his unbeaten status as he made the Derby his eighth straight victory, at the expense of Winston Guest's Gyr. Three days later, in the role of stand-in for stablemate Personality who had come down with a cough, Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' High Echelon won the Belmont. At Epsom the performance was brilliant in every way; at Belmont it was a sentimentally satisfactory show. John Jacobs winning his second Triple Crown event after taking over as family trainer for his late father. But High Echelon's fourth victory in 29 lifetime starts was hardly a match for what happened on the Downs at Epsom.

The Belmont and the Derby are basically tests of stamina for the horse and riding judgment for the jockey. But how vastly different the courses are. Although Epsom runs counterclockwise, as do U.S. tracks, most American horses, unaccustomed to undulating grass terrain, would probably find it about as easy to na-

igate as the course at Augusta National. Epsom is built along the lines of a horse-shoe with the open end to the right. The field starts at the top right, and just for openers the horses are asked to run up a slight dogleg to the right for about half a mile. They climb 150 feet! After an all-tee-brief stretch of straight and flat over turf that is not manured like Augusta's fairways, they go into a long slow left-hand turn, at the end of which, three-quarters of a mile away—and 50 feet lower than the top of the hill—they dart around the sharp bend of Tattenham Corner. In the homestretch, with slightly more than three furlongs to go, the most severe jolt is that the last eighth of a mile once again is up; in fact, the course rises 35 feet from the last furlong marker to the winning post.

If this is a test of stamina for horses, it is equally as demanding on the riders, who must try for a good position on the first uphill portion of the course if they hope to be within challenging range down the hill and turning out of Tattenham Corner. In a big field, which the Derby usually has, the winner more often than not is at least sixth or seventh turning for home. To win from farther back he must be very lucky or beating bad horses.

continued

The gentry who came in cool Bentleys and the girls who came in steamy chartered buses strived for a glimpse of Nijinsky striding up the final NY to win England's Derby.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DERRY COOKE





Luckily for all, last week's Derby drew only 11 starters, making it the smallest field in more than half a century. It also may have been one of the best. And the best of all was the heralded Nijinsky, a dashing handsome son of Northern Dancer and Flaming Page, who is a granddaughter of the great Calumet Farm stallion Bull Lea. There was some controversy about his stamina or, as British horsemen phrase it, "his ability to get the trip." Northern Dancer was the first Canadian-bred to win the Kentucky Derby when he carried E. P. Taylor's colors to victory in 1964. He repeated in the Preakness, but faltered in the Belmont to finish third, beaten six lengths by Quadrangle and four by Rontan Brother. Flaming Page was one of the 14 E. P. Taylor-breds to win Canada's classic Queen's Plate.

The best insurance that Engelhard could take out on his bay colt was to turn him over to Irish Trainer Vincent O'Brien, the celebrated wizard of Coshel, whose training establishment at Ballydoyle House in County Tipperary includes a virtual replica of Epsom's upsy-downsy course. O'Brien had trained eight classic winners in his time, not to mention his record of three consecutive Grand National Steeplechase victories. With Nijinsky he was purposely cautious, giving him but five races as a 2-year-old and only two starts this year before the Derby. In winning at distances from six furlongs to the mile of the 2,000 Guineas, he looked a champion all the way. But could he get the trip?

Two French-trained invaders and England's own chief hopeful, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Approval, were also scaring the opposition. From France came Gues's American-bred Gyr (pronounced "gear"), a son of Derby and Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe winner Sea-Bird, and Stintino, Gerry Oldham's undefeated son of Sheshoon. Gyr, trained by Etienne Poller, had lost only one of four starts and had already won at the Derby's mile-and-a-half distance. He had the disadvantage, however, of inheriting his sire's trait of being occasionally head-

continued

The latest in styles and Derby ads were on display before Winner Engelhard (second from right) shared his election with Breeder Taylor. Trainer Vincent O'Brien is at far right.





strong. "He was nervous, true, in most of his races," said Guest on the morning of Gyr's final light gallop, "but he's been learning all the time and now he's stronger and fitter." Stintino, trained by 30-year-old François Boutin, was four for four, but not quite against this sort of opposition. He was to be ridden by Gerard Thiboeuf, with Bill Williamson on Gyr. On Nijinsky the incomparable Lester Piggott was shooting for his third classic victory of the year.

Derby Day at Epsom is often rainy and dreary, the way Belmont Day was in New York. Instead, it turned up 75° with a blue cloudless sky, as some 150,000 wound their way to the Downs, 15 miles from London, to be entertained in the sprawling infield by gypsies, touts and hustlers or to bask in the elegance of the Epsom Club Stand lawn, where morning coat and topers are still *de rigueur* and where the ladies obviously had not reached agreement on the matter of mini versus midi versus maxi. The huge crowd was elbow to elbow all day and there were very few private boxes and even fewer reserved seats, but nobody on this delightful afternoon complained about anything.

At the off, a dull roar echoed across the hills around Epsom, and immediately Cry Baby and Long Till took to the lead. At the top of the long hill they were still in front, while Piggott had Nijinsky in sixth place and Williamson on Gyr was back in eighth. Starting the long left-hand descent, Gyr moved up outside Nijinsky, but both were running easily behind four or five other colts. Rounding Tattenham Corner the lead was still held by Long Till, but suddenly Great Wall, who had saved ground on the inside, shot to the front. In a matter of seconds, however, Gyr took over.

The crowd was now in full voice and straining to see, far down to the left of the stands, as Gyr opened up a clear lead. Stintino, who had been a little too far back for his own good during the early running, came flying up on the far outside to challenge Gyr. Behind them and still setting steadily with admirable discipline was Piggott on Nijinsky. He was aware that his waiting game could prove disastrous if the two leaders came together and forced

him to alter course to the inside or out. But he waited and waited.

Approaching the furlong marker and that last agonizing uphill stretch of green grass, Lester finally gave Nijinsky his head. In three fantastic strides the son of Northern Dancer charged ahead, splitting Stintino and Gyr perfectly. He had half a furlong to go, but it was all over; he glided the rest of the way in a perfect display of action and balance to whip Gyr by 2½ lengths, with Stintino another three lengths back. So easily had Nijinsky made it seem that it was difficult to believe his final time of 2 minutes 34.68 seconds was but .88 of a second off Mahmoud's 1936 record. Actually, this may have been the fastest Derby of all, because in Mahmoud's day, before adoption of the starting gate, horses could take advantage of a faster getaway from a walkup start.

Lord Derby, whose ancestors started it all nearly 200 years ago, joined Winston Guest's post-race party and lifted his glass to Guest. "In 19 of the last 20 Derbies Gyr would have won," he said. "Nijinsky just might be the best horse we've seen since Ribot."

There is no question about the fact that the best horse since Ribot was not in the 102nd Belmont Stakes last Saturday. Indeed, it is a bit difficult to make a very strong case for High Echelon as the best of anything after he struggled in the slop to achieve his first win in 10 races this season. His time, 2 minutes 34 seconds on an absolutely flat though tricky surface, was only .68 of a second faster than that turned in by Nijinsky running up and down those hills.

The Belmont lost much of its appeal several weeks ago when Kentucky Derby winner Dust Commander ran in the Preakness in subpar condition and subsequently suffered an injury that will keep him out of action for a considerable time. Then the Preakness winner, Personality, took over center stage. He won again in the Jersey Derby at Garden State and probably would have continued his streak in the Belmont had it not been for the illness that developed on the day before the race.

John Jacobs wisely decided to scratch the colt, and that left him High Echelon, the son of Native Charger and the Princequillo mare Luquillo, who had run third in the Kentucky Derby and fourth in the Preakness and Jersey Derby. What with one minor ailment or another, John

has had a tough time keeping High Echelon together. As his father did, however, once he gets his horses fit he prefers running them to training them, and in this instance it certainly paid off—in the tune of \$115,000 of the gross purse of \$138,750.

Away at the start of the Belmont went Brookmade Stable's Clumber, and for an awfully long time in the slow race it looked as if this 17-to-1 shot might sneak away with the prize. Naskra trailed him all the way, while High Echelon got away slowly as usual and was 10 to 15 lengths behind Clumber up the backstretch. Behind him, then, was Thomas Fleming Jr.'s Needles N Pens. Leaving the half-mile pole, favorite My Dad George started to move but quickly flattened out. He ultimately finished fifth.

Johnny Rotz took High Echelon wide into the stretch turn, sacrificing ground, as he put it, to keep him in the clear. "I could tell he was moving on his own this time, instead of being forced," Rotz said later. At the eighth pole there was Clumber still a head in front of Naskra, but both were weakening ever so slightly. As they continued to, Rotz and High Echelon moved up outside of them and drew off. But outside of High Echelon, Needles N Pens shot by the two early leaders as well, and although he was beaten by three-quarters of a length he managed to lead Naskra by a neck for second, while Clumber hung in for fourth. The other six were spread out back to the Long Island Railroad tracks.

Even the radiant sunshine of Derby Day at Epsom would not have made this a Belmont Stakes of superior quality. Still, the complexion of racing in this country is ever changing. Too many of our potentially good 3-year-olds are missing before the season is half over, but, on the other hand, North American-bred colts have given U.S. owners a one-two finish in England's top classic.

As the last of Conductor George Seafort's offering faded away into the dampness of Beautiful Belmont last week and it became time once again to fight the weekend traffic, a visitor's mind was suddenly brought back to Epsom Downs three days earlier. The Welsh Guards were between numbers. The Elegant Ones were hot but happy. Then the calm, unbothered voice of the track announcer came on to say, "May we remind you that dogs confined in a hot car can become distressed." Ah, England. **END**

Some of Belmont's slop covered John Rotz after High Echelon came from last place to beat Needles N Pens by less than a length.



A year ago one youth was killed and 30 were wounded in a student demonstration at People's Park. Now California has athletic fields on the site, but nobody sets a foot on Berkeley's martyred turf **by ROGER RAPOPORT**

NO ONE PLAYS IN NO MAN'S LAND

Like the caretaker for a deserted vacation estate, the gardener Crockett Ross, longs for the day when someone will come to take advantage of his hard work. As he weeds, fertilizes and waters his playing field he dreams of softball stars knocking home runs over the fence, touch-football quarterbacks throwing touchdown passes and soccer goalies making valiant saves. After turning off the automatic Turfhard sprinklers he sweeps broken pop-bottle glass from the asphalt basketball and volleyball courts as if he expects them momentarily to be trampled by gleaming sneakers.

But the University of California gardener knows there will not soon be any runs, hits or errors at People's Park in Berkeley. The 450-by-270-foot multipurpose recreation facility—and its adjoining parking lot—is perpetually deserted, an eerie student commemoration of the events of May 1969.

Even though 7,000 Berkeley intramural athletes are crowded into some of the worst collegiate recreational facilities in the country, they continue to honor

a year-long campus boycott of People's Park. Last spring the bloodiest battle in Berkeley history saw the university thwart a spontaneous community development of the off-campus park in favor of the fenced field. As a result, the park is a no man's land. I've seen in town refuses to use it even the ROTC.

Now, following the first anniversary of the battle for People's Park, the boycott is stronger than ever. Spring and daylight saving time put intramural facilities at a premium, but Berkeley athletes preferred waiting in line at other campus fields to playing in the park.

For years California ignored the requests of intramural players for more fields, courts, lights and parking. A recent survey of intramural facilities at 53 American universities ranked Berkeley 45th, with 1.7 square yards of outdoor field space per student. Still, the school went to great lengths to make People's Park a desirable athletic facility. In the summer of 1969 after police and the National Guard had cleared the area, the playing field, asphalt courts, portable

softball backstop and portable toilet were installed. Ample off-street parking was provided for athletes, who at other sites are forced to interrupt contests to find parking meters. Workmen even draped padding around an obtrusive telephone pole.

When these attractions failed to have any effect on the boycott last fall, the university intramural office scheduled soccer matches for the park. Players were warned that any team refusing to compete on the new field would have to forfeit. But the interfraternity council voted 30 to 1 against playing intramural games at the park. The soccer teams conspired, and eventually all of the matches were rescheduled for other fields.

Berkeley's intramural soccer players boycotted People's Park at much inconvenience to themselves. The shortage of available fields forced the 75 winter-league teams to limit games to 40 minutes. As many as 20 contests a week were held on one field. Games were frequently played in the rain, which turned the fields into quagmires. Hugo Herrera,



a graduate student who directs one of the four intramural soccer leagues, says: "During the winter games were scheduled for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 p.m. Often it was so cold and wet that the 40-minute match was over before anyone warmed up. But none of us wanted to use People's Park."

How did the U of C's small plot today, a pleasant patch of fresh sod, a handful of welcome trees, a touch of breathing space—become a pastoral symbol of student protest? Three years ago the site was occupied by 25 buildings that the university viewed as "the scene of hippie concentration and rising crime." So in 1968 the school bought the houses and razed them. The property soon became a communal dumping ground, filled with garbage and abandoned cars. In the spring of 1969 students and neighborhood residents decided to clean up the area. They laid a sod lawn and set up a playground, complete with Maypole, swings, barbecue pits, fishpond and truck garden. And they opened People's Park to the public. Viewed at its best, the park was no Eden, but it was far better than the debris dump it replaced.

But the university, not surprisingly, became concerned about this public occupation of its land. "We should have built a fence around it immediately,"

said Vice Chancellor Earl F. Chen. Officials viewed the park as an all-too-available rallying site for political activists—of which Berkeley has no small supply—and feared its ownership of the property might eventually be questioned if the park were occupied by the public for any length of time.

At 4:45 a.m. on May 15, 1969 the university sent in 200 police to evict 50 occupants of the park. Immediately thereafter a work crew came in and erected an eight-foot fence. By noon student opposition had organized, and there was a march to reclaim the park. The students were blocked by Alameda County sheriff's deputies, who killed one youth, blinded another and wounded at least 30 with backshot. On May 22, 482 demonstrators and innocent bystanders were arrested in a police sweep, but charges were never pressed. Subsequently a federal grand jury indicted 12 sheriff's deputies for violating civil rights by shooting and beating demonstrators.

Finally, on Memorial Day, 30,000 Berkeleyites marched to the park urging the university to turn it over to the community. It was a massive demonstration, but it did not sway Governor Ronald Reagan and the university regents, who voted instead to construct housing for 500 students on the plot. Groundbreaking was set for July 1970, with the play-

ing fields and parking lot to be installed for interim use. However, tight money has stopped the construction plans, and the existing facilities now will remain indefinitely.

The university has tried to get some return from its property through a parking concession, but this, too, has failed. The field's 180 parking spaces are a mere three blocks from the campus in an area saturated with traffic, yet no one wants to use the lot. First a black community group turned down a lucrative offer for the concession. Then the Parking Corporation of America took the lot over, but the few drivers using the space have been harassed by pickets and found their names and phone numbers published in the local underground paper, *The Berkeley Table*.

Of course, some Berkeley people have wanted to use the park. One is optometry student John Van Every, a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon (SAE), the one fraternity that voted to use the park last fall. "We need this field desperately," he says. "I think the longer you let the park sit in martyrdom the harder it is going to be to play there."

Estimates as to how long the boycott will last differ grandly. Steve Goldblatt, a member of the intramural athletic board, says, "There are still plenty of kids around who remember the park, but as new students enroll I don't know if we will be able to protect it." Frank Bardacke, one of the radical leaders behind the original People's Park, is confident the community will reclaim the area someday. "After the revolution," he says, "People's Park will be liberated and become a historic monument."

Whether the field is liberated by SAE or SDS, any athletes who use it are in for some sporting troubles. "It was not the best place for a playing field," says Dr. Kooman Boyceff, head of the campus intramural program. "It isn't really big enough for soccer or baseball and it is too hilly for touch football."

Inspection confirms the doctor's assessment. The field slopes 20 feet from one end to the other, a long climb for a halfback with the ball. And a softball team would be forced to position the rightfielder in the basketball court, the leftfielder in the volleyball court and the centerfielder in a grove of trees, where, presumably, he would stand serene in the shade of no man's land.

END

A BOO-BOO OR BABY FOR BOWIE

When the baseball commissioner gave All-Star team selection back to the fans, he bought trouble or pulled off a coup. The move will be remembered as 'Bowie's boo-boo' or 'Bowie's baby' **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

There is only one stoplight in Rosemount, Minn., a clean, bucolic village of 1,300 located just south of Minneapolis-St. Paul that truly might be said to be The Sweepstakes Capital of the U.S. Each year the sale of postage stamps increases, and in 1969 over \$286,000 worth were sold. In a normal year more than 400 million pieces of mail move into Rosemount as advertising agencies and sampling outfits use the community—conveniently located close by the main airport of the demographically central Twin Cities—to count and record responses in different campaigns and contests. In most ways this is a normal year for Rosemount, with some of its citizens merrily counting away for RCA, Winston cigarettes and the Frito Bandido. In one particular respect, however, the year is not at all usual for Rosemount or its pipe-smoking postmaster, Pat Bohmert. Baseball is moving in on the town, and when baseball moves in on anything, look out!

Within the next two weeks Rosemount, its post office, assorted computers and men and women are going to receive and count votes for both the American and National League All-Star teams that are to play in Cincinnati's new Riverfront Stadium on July 14. This is the first time in 13 seasons that the All-Star teams will be picked by the fans, and already the process is acquiring the status of legend in the conservative little world of major league baseball.

In some quarters this attempt to return the All-Star Game to the people by distributing 28 million ballots at a cost of \$2½ million is referred to as "Bowie's boo-boo," a deprecating reference to the wisdom of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's idea of bringing fan voting back after it seemingly died a controversial death back in 1957. Other quarters refer to the entire thing as "Bowie's baby" and believe that it is a fine idea that will enhance Kuhn's reputation. One way or the other, the com-

missioner's stature will rise or fall from whatever position it is in now.

Angry words about the project already have been heard from Atlanta, where Rico Carty, currently hitting .428, may not be elected to the team because his name is not one of the 96 listed on the ballot at all despite a lifetime batting average of .311 and a smile as wide as the Savannah. In Detroit Governor Bill Milliken has added his name to those thousands of outraged Tiger fans who have discovered that Al Kaline, currently hitting .331 and a perennial All-Star selectee, is not among the 18 American League outfielders considered prominent enough to be placed on the ballot.

California's Alex Johnson is hitting .360 and is one of the major reasons why the refreshing Angels are contenders in the American League West. Yet he is not only not listed but two weekends ago, when voting forms were supposed to be passed out in Anaheim Stadium so that the thousands in attendance could write Johnson's name in and thus get him off to a running start, there were no ballots. They had not arrived and the team soon was to go on the road, far away from its most ardent supporters. By the end of last week 14 of the top 20 hitters in the American and National Leagues were not listed either. While voters can write in the names of their favorites, it is as true of baseball as politics that write-in candidates usually have little chance.

The ballots themselves are typical computer cards. On them are printed the names of six candidates for each position in each league, and a voter punches out a square next to his choice. (The pitchers and reserves are selected by the managers.) Among the missing names are Billy Grabarkewitz, presently hitting .359 for the Los Angeles Dodgers, Dick Dietz, batting .345 for the San Francisco Giants, Nate Colbert and Clarence Gaston, who are helping to lift the San



An enthusiast, puzzled perhaps by the absence of familiar names, pores over his ballot



Overseeing the voting, Commissioner Kuhn's office insists there will be no repetition of the scandalous happenings of 1987, when most of the Cincinnati team won election. But with so many write-ins (left) and mutilated ballots, the computer has had to enlist human help.

Diego Padres to respectability by 1) hitting 17 homers and 2) batting .340. Vada Pinson of the Indians (.347) and Felipe Alou of Oakland (.338) are not on the ballot, but Ken Harrelson who broke his ankle in mid-March, is there, and so are many others who are either injured or hitting below .230.

Most people believe that the ballots either should have listed 12 candidates for each position or none at all and that they should have been printed closer to the voting time. The Galeite Company, long a friend of major league baseball, agreed to pay for the printing, counting and placing of the ballots in 150 major and minor league ball parks and 80,000 retail outlets in the U.S. and Canada. During spring training this year the commissioner's office gave lists of possible candidates to each of the ma-

nor league player representatives as well as to the managers. The six highest vote-getters for each position on the returned ballots became the candidates on the ballots distributed to the public. One problem was that four managers and eight player representatives did not vote. Another that might have been foreseen was that rookies were automatically discounted, just as were players who had been traded to the other league.

Only blind luck saved the commissioner's office further embarrassment. Tony Perez was hitting and homering so well at Cincinnati (.375, 20 HRs, 57 RBIs) that the outcry over the absence of two other third basemen, Grabarkewitz and Philadelphia's Don Money, was never as loud as it could have been. Still, to help Money, who was batting .356, the Girard Bank, with assets of

over \$2 billion, placed a color ad in *The Philadelphia Bulletin*, saying, "GIRARD BANK, BIGS MONEY . . . But Don Money's name isn't on the ballot for the National League All-Star team . . . There's a place to write it in. Let's do it. All of us."

Nobody thought that there would be much writing in on the ballots, which began circulating around June 1. Of the first batches to go through the computers, though, 40% to 50% had write-ins and thus were spat out and will have to be counted by hand. Estimates on how many of the 28 million printed ballots will be returned to Rosemount range from eight million to 14 million and could go higher. That is a powerful lot of hand counting.

The very idea of an All-Star Game being played in Cincinnati with teams



Hollog Carty, 478, is also hottest starlet



Grebenkewitz, 358, was in minor last year



Johnson, 366, came to California from Reds.

selected by the fans is about as appetizing to some as a breakfast of mar-tins, dumplings and knockwurst would be to a gourmet. It was Cincinnati's voting in 1957, in fact, that brought about the demise of elected All-Star teams. Bars, radio stations, the Red management and the Cincinnati Times-Star went out and campaigned zealously to get as many Red players as possible onto the team. (One fan admitted, "I voted 800 times myself.") In the week prior to the game the Reds, then in second place in the National League, had eight starters voted into positions. Left off the starting team were such players as Willie Mays, Henry Aaron, Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst.

The reason why the Cincinnatians succeeded so easily was that voter interest had been waning. In 1955 five players had pulled over two million votes each, but by the next year the highest vote-getter was Mickey Mantle, with slightly over 200,000 votes. The way was open for '57 and the apparent election of George Crowe at first base, Johnny Temple at second, Don Hook at third, Roy McMillan at shortstop, Frank Robinson in left field, Gus Bell in center, Wally Post in right and Ed Barkey as catcher. On the Friday before the results were to be announced Ford Frick, then the Commissioner of Baseball, declared that Bell, Post and Crowe were disqualified as starters. As the last votes trickled in from around the country Musial did surpass Crowe's total, but Mays—hitting .308 at the time—was 170,000 votes behind Bell, and Aaron was 110,000 short of Post.

People laughed and screamed, and some in Cincinnati even threatened lawsuits. In announcing his decision Frick said, "I took this step in an effort to be entirely fair to all fans and with no reflection on the sincerity or honesty of the Cincinnati poll. A restudy of the ballots had to be made on the percentage of ballots cast in all cities.

"The rules as set up provide that the eight men receiving the largest number of ballots would constitute the starting lineup and remain in the All-Star Game for three innings. The National League, while recognizing this rule, feels that the overbalance of Cincinnati ballots has resulted in the selection of a team which would not be typical of the league. . . . Aaron and Mays had no chance in view of this late rush from Cincinnati."

Both Gillette and Commissioner Kuhn insist that this year the ballots cannot be maneuvered into positions favoring one candidate over another. Gillette is using a sales force of 150 men to check and see that the ballots are prominently displayed and that people are not picking them up by the tailful to vote for a certain player. With the 28 million ballots spread across the U. S., Canada and overseas with servicemen, it is conceivable that the policing could go well and that the ballot boxes will be staffed only occasionally. But there also could be some big swings. If baseball is lucky the largest one will be to the deserving Racio Carty and not to the entire starting lineup of, say, the Milwaukee Brewers or the new, young Phillies.

Among bullplayers, Carty is generally considered to be the Latin-American version of an Oscar Meyer Wiener. He puts on tremendous exhibitions of friendship toward fans, throws balls into the stands and sometimes does little dances on the outfield grass. In the trade he is said to have a pair of hands like the Venus de Milo, but he can hit. Early this season Carty went on a 31-game batting streak, the second longest in modern National League history, and two weeks ago, in Atlanta Stadium, he slugged three homers in one game. Carty has played 50 games this year and has hit safely in 45 of them. Should he not make the All-Star team, this would make it the second time in two years that he would have been seriously overlooked. After spending more than 160 days in a hospital bed with tuberculosis in 1968, Carty came back in 1969 to hit .342 as Atlanta won the Western Division championship, but he did not win the National League's Comeback of the Year award. That went to Tommie Agee of the New York Mets.

When Carty was 13 he worked in a sugarcane field in the Dominican Republic. Following work one day, he ran to try to get one of the baseball gloves that had been sent by an American firm. "They were so pretty," he recalls. "I never see a glove before and I grab a left-handed one, but my Uncle Louis told me to put it down because I would never make it as a player. I ran home and cried."

In 1958 Carty was one of 18 selected for the Pan-American Games from a try-out of 500. He was so good and so obliging at Chicago during play that he signed more professional contracts than a Chi-

ronnand

A man and a woman are seated at a dark, reflective table in what appears to be a rooftop lounge or bar. The background features a dramatic night cityscape with illuminated skyscrapers under a cloudy, orange-tinged sky. The woman, on the left, is wearing a bright pink long-sleeved top and skirt, smiling and looking towards the man. The man, on the right, is wearing a light-colored turtleneck sweater and is holding a pack of Viceroy Long cigarettes. He is looking at the woman. On the table, there are two white coffee cups on saucers and a small glass ashtray. The overall mood is romantic and sophisticated.

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cago policeman could shake a stick at—four with American clubs, four with Dominican clubs. It was finally decided that he should be the property of the Braves and receive a bonus of \$2,000. Carty maintains that he struck out 45 times in a row at a minor league camp, but he quickly overcame that, and in his first major league season he hit .330.

Last week Henry Aaron asked his 13-year-old son to take a ballot to his room and select his own All-Star team. Young Hank punched out the names of three National League outfielders and then came and asked his dad, "Now where do I write in Rico's name?"

Henry, when asked what he thought of the idea of returning the vote to the fans, said, "I know the commissioner has tried hard to get the fans involved in the All-Star Game, but eventually I think he will have to give it back to the players. I also think that Rico's chances of making the starting team are very slim, because All-Star voting is often a

sentimental thing. People want to see the players who have been in it before. In places like San Francisco, for instance, they are going to write in their own favorites, and newspapers in various towns will write about and bring attention to those local players who have not been put on the ballot. It is a shame that it is Rico Carty's dilemma this year, and it will be someone else's dilemma this time next year."

Through the years the All-Star Game has been the vehicle for some of baseball's most legendary accomplishments. In 1934, at the Polo Grounds in New York, Carl Hubbell of the Giants struck out in order Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx, Al Simmons and Joe Cronin, each a Hall of Famer. Ted Williams helped win a game for the American League in 1946 by hitting a homer off Rip Sewell's famous "ee-phus ball." Four years later he broke his elbow in the All-Star Game at Comiskey Park while making a catch and did not know

it was broken until the following day. In 1956 Stan Musial, Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle and Ted Williams all hit homers. In 1967 Tony Perez, who probably will draw more votes than any other player on the ballot this year, ended the longest All-Star Game (15 innings) with a home run, and last July, in Washington, Spiro Agnew, working in long relief of President Nixon, threw out the first ball and hit nobody at all.

There is a fine tradition behind the All-Star Game and sometimes a wacky one. If those computers in Rosemount can somehow keep their digestions straight the Grand Old Game may yet escape the comic fate of Leo Durocher's sacrifice bunt in the 1938 game at Crosley Field. Jimmie Foxx's throw went into the outfield and Joe DiMaggio's return went over the catcher's head as Durocher scored. Quite a bit grew out of that little thing. It remains to be seen what will happen in Cincinnati this time.

END

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THE FRESHMAN AND THE GREAT GURU

Only 19 but blessed with speed, atemine and e canny coach, Steve Prefontaine may turn out to be the best ever **by PAT PUTNAM**

The mile run wouldn't start until 8:30 p.m., or not for another three hours, which meant, of course, that it was time for the good people of Eugene, Ore. to start gathering at the track. They filed by the thousands into the two creaking old wooden stands that flank the University of Oregon's new yellow \$125,000 jewel of a track, and while they waited they ate their dinners from picnic baskets and talked of the university's ex-

tensive list of sub-four-minute milers, eight in all, and they became excited with the prospect that the list surely would be increased before night fell across the fir forests. In Eugene, babies are teething on stopwatches, and at most any hour from dawn until well past dusk the streets are jammed with joggers, their wheezing in tune with the rumble of passing log trucks, each perhaps pretending for a moment that he is one of Bill Bowerman's track stars, say a Steve Prefontaine. Ah, Prefontaine! Only a freshman, but the best prospect in the world at two miles, three miles and 5,000 meters, and in Eugene, where track is what football is in South Bend, that makes him taller than the tallest Douglas fir.

To a track fan, little can match the excitement of a sub-four-minute mile, and last Friday, Bowerman, the great guru of track coaches, had come down from his mountain, gathered together his peerless racers and made ready to give Eugene several memorable minutes. It was only an intrasquad meet, but at Oregon they get more first-rate distance runners by accident than most schools get by frantic recruiting. Once a year Bowerman pits his current stars against those of the immediate past, and they go at each other with a deadly purpose. There are 10 events and the firs—more than 9,000 last Friday—are on their feet applauding for them all, but the other nine are only frosting. The mile is the cake.

The true milers, of course, are favored, and this year that meant people like Roscoe Divine, a handsome senior with a career best of 3:57.2, and Dave Wilborn, an alumnus who holds the school record of 3:56.2. This meant that Prefontaine, who can run with anybody for two miles or three, would surely be outclassed. His best in the mile was 4:00.4, highly creditable for a 19-year-old middle-distance runner but hardly world class.

"Out of his league?" said Bowerman, amused at the thought that the confident kid from Coos Bay, Ore. could be outclassed in any race. "We'll see."

This school year, Prefontaine has 1) beaten Gerry Lindgren, his idol, by 27 seconds in a six-mile cross-country race; 2) run two miles in 8:40.0, the third-fastest time in the U.S. this year; 3) run three miles in 13:12.8, the fastest in the world this year; 4) run six miles in practice in 28:20, presumably the fastest in the U.S. this year. Although well above world and American records, those times are exceptional for a 19-year-old.

"The kid is just plain amazing," says Bill Dellinger, Bowerman's young and very capable assistant. Dellinger knows of what he speaks. One of Oregon's army of ex-NCAA champions, he was on three Olympic teams, winning a bronze medal in the 5,000 in 1964, and he once held indoor world records in the two mile and three mile. "Usually it takes guys in our events 12 years to build confidence in themselves," he says, "the confidence you need to win, and here's a young man who has the right attitude naturally. He wouldn't be afraid to stand on the line against anybody in the world in the three mile. I remember when I went to the Olympics for the first time in 1956. I was so scared there was no way I could have won. When I stepped up I knew I was outclassed. In 1960 it was a little better, but I was sick so it didn't matter. But in 1964 I was a lot older, a lot more experienced and I knew I could do well. So I did well. But Prefontaine, he's as tough mentally right now as world-class runners who are 10 years older. If the competition is tough or the wind is blowing like crazy or it's awfully hot, hell, that's not going to stop him. There's nothing in running that he doesn't believe he can do."

Fine, but there are hundreds of young runners around the world who don't want to lose. But they do. And so?

Dellinger grins. "Our young man," he says, "is blessed with a cardiovascular system that is so superior to the average human that it is almost unbelievable."

Prefontaine, named at birth Steve Roland but call him Pre, is the only son of a hardworking middle-class Oregon family—his father Raymond is a carpenter; his mother Elfriede, a German



PREFONTAINE LED MIDWAY THROUGH MILE



BOWERMAN CONGRATULATES 15-YEAR-OLD PREFONTAINE FOLLOWING HIS 3:57.4 MILE

war bride, is a seamstress—who held its breath when, at something less than five feet and 100 pounds, he turned out for football and basketball in the eighth grade. (He grew to 5'9" and 145 pounds.) But he survived, mostly because he seldom was allowed to roam from the bench. He was too light for the gridiron, too short for the basketball court. "But I knew there had to be something for me," he remembers. "Coos Bay is a sports-minded town. You had to be an athlete to be somebody. I knew I had to show everybody that I could excel at something. But I didn't know what."

It was right after the basketball season that he found his something. It was in a physical-education class. Everyone was required to run a mile a day. The second week Prefontaine finished second. He discovered he loved to run. Better yet, he discovered that when he ran he usually was better than anyone in his class. The next year, the high-school coach, Walt McClure, who had run the 440 and 880 at Oregon, asked him to join the varsity cross-country team. When the season ended, he was No. 2 man—as a freshman. Then it was track, with, at age 15, bests of 5:00 in the mile, 10:08 in the two mile. Everywhere he went, he went running. It is said in Coos Bay that no one has seen Prefontaine slower than a trot since 1966.

As a sophomore he ran the mile in 4:32, two miles in 9:42.5—and failed to qualify for the state meet. "I was really bitter," says Prefontaine. "Really angry with myself. I was sick. Then McClure talked to me. Whenever I got down he was always there to pick me up. I decided that if I was going to continue in track, that I didn't want to lose, that I wasn't going to lose. All summer all I thought about was coming back. I flogged myself in practice. All I did was run. On the beach. In the hills."

His junior year began, and even in workouts he refused to let anyone finish ahead of him. Every race was the same. Prefontaine would take the lead and never give it up. He didn't lose a race that year. "I found a world where I belonged," he says. "But every once in a while I think what am I doing out here running, busting myself up? Life could be so much easier. The other guys are out having fun, doing other things, why not me? Now I'm in college and

continued

the latest I've ever stayed out is midnight. Midnight. Heck, campus life starts after midnight, and me, I've been asleep for three hours. But it's helped me in my studies. I've disciplined myself to do things that I don't want to do."

His senior year in high school, Pre ran two miles in 8:41.6, then and now a record. Forty colleges were after him. "It was terrible," he recalls. "Mail, phone calls at all hours, people showing up at the door. It got so bad I really began to wish I had never set the record. I referred all the calls to my coach, and he usually told the caller to leave me alone. He wanted me to go to Oregon."

But Prefontaine wasn't sure that Oregon wanted him. Where is Mr. Bowerman, he wondered. Bowerman, of course, was at home sitting on top of his mountain just outside of Eugene, and waiting for Prefontaine to come to him. Bowerman recruits no one, at least not in the usual sense of the word. He considers it immoral. Nonetheless, in his 22 years at Oregon, he has won on three national championships and finished second or third three times. In 12 of the last 17 years Oregon has finished in the top 10 at the NCAAAs, and until two years ago Oregon never gave a full four-year scholarship in track. Bowerman wasn't happy when the school decided it would.

"Oh, I recruit," he says, "but I don't go out and make love to some kid. We're not in the business of making deals with a kid. We are offering him a chance for a good college education, and if I'm talking to a kid who has a chance for a better education someplace else, I tell him to go."

Which is something that has not endeared Bill Bowerman to the most fanatic of Oregon track fans, although the first one has yet dared to voice an objection to his face. Bowerman is 59, but he is tall and rawboned and in dandy shape, and when he sets forth his principles, don't make light of them. He was a major with the 10th Mountain Division during World War II, an outfit that fought and skied across Italy and took every objective it went after. In the late '40s, shortly after he became track coach at Oregon, Bowerman bought 70 acres on top of a mountain and built a home—156 feet straight up from the winding McKenzie River and with a breathtaking view across the Willamette Valley to the Cascade Mountains which rise 70 miles

to the southeast. Prefontaine often runs on the hillside in front of Bowerman's house (see cover).

At the bottom of his mountain, Bowerman put up a mailbox, which soon became the target of a rock truck driver. Finally, Bowerman went to him and asked him to please stop running over the mailbox. The driver ignored him. O.K., said Bowerman. He took a half-stick of No. 2 logger's dynamite and hooby-trapped the box. When he came home that night, there was the truck, its right rear wheel blown off. "I didn't want to hurt the guy," Bowerman says. "I just didn't feel like asking him not to hit my mailbox a second time."

Bowerman's firmness of purpose has cost him innumerable talented athletes who would have come to Oregon on hands and knees if he had but beckoned. "Everybody knows about the University of Oregon," he says. "If some kid wants to come here all he has to do is write a letter. If he doesn't want to write, he can't be very interested."

Prefontaine was interested, and hurt. "I thought it was very strange and I was a little angry," he says. "I'd get a letter from Bowerman only about once a month, and schools like Villanova were writing me every day. I'd get tons of mail. It'd take me an hour and a half at night to read it all. But I knew deep in my heart I wanted to go to Oregon, only Oregon. Then one day I got a very special letter from Bowerman. It blew my mind. Just two paragraphs. It said something like if I want to go to Oregon, under his guidance and supervision, there was no doubt in his mind that I'd be the greatest distance runner in the world. Man, all I could think of was where's the dotted line, I'll sign. I'll never forget the first time I met him. I felt like I was talking to God. I still do."

And Prefontaine went to the mountain. By way of Europe last summer, and his first look at world-class competition. It was a rough trip abroad. Out of six meets, his best was a second in a 5,000 in Augsburg, West Germany. "I really learned. Oh, how I learned," Pre says, laughing. "I remember another 5,000. I was staying up with Lindgren and Jürgen May. I thought I was doing real well. Then the last 600 meters they just ran away from me."

Then he went to college. "The first thing I learned," he says, "is that with Bowerman, school comes first.

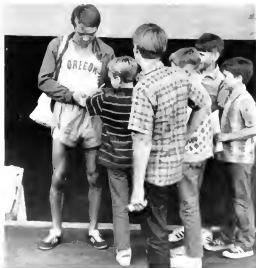
Then athletics. Then what you want to do. He says he is a teacher first, a coach second, and, boy, he means it. The athlete that doesn't learn that in a hurry is in for a lot of trouble. Right now, with the NCAA championships coming up, if I screwed up somehow he'd leave me home. Heck, if he thought it was right, he'd leave the whole team home. He's a man of principle, and for that very reason if he says I can do something, I believe it. It's almost superhuman. He can look at a guy and tell what he can do inside."

Prefontaine opened his collegiate career with the win over Lindgren in the six-mile cross-country race. Their second meeting ended in a photo finish, the judges giving the victory to Lindgren. The NCAAAs were next, with Prefontaine third behind Lindgren and Mike Ryan of the Air Force. Then, after a short indoor tour, he scored 10 straight outdoor victories in the mile, the two mile and the three mile. It was in the three mile against Washington State that he did his 13:12.8, the best by an American in two years. As usual, Prefontaine was away fast, setting a burning pace. He passed the two-mile mark in 8:45. "I said, 'Oh, oh, I've never been here before,'" says Prefontaine. "It was unexplored territory. It's strange. You find yourself in a spot in time you've never hit before and you don't know if you can finish. But I'm always exploring myself. I haven't reached the threshold of unconsciousness yet. Maybe I never will."

"Right now," says Bowerman, "he's the greatest long middle-distance runner in the world. Lindgren, of course, is the greatest distance runner and he will be—until Steve beats him."

But Bowerman and Prefontaine aren't in a hurry. Bowerman wants his latest ace to progress at a rate of 10% improvement a year over the next 10 years. "We could move him a lot faster," he says, "but by the time he got out of school he'd probably be sick of it and quit. That's what happens to most of our runners. Steve's in no hurry."

"Bowerman is right," says Pre. "I don't want to be like Jim Ryan. No doubt he'll come back, and when he does he'll again be the greatest, but I don't want to go through what he did, all that tremendous pressure when he was so young. It came so quickly. World records at 19. I don't want that. Later, yes,



PREFONTAINE OBLIGES AUTOGRAPH-SEEKERS AFTER HIS GAZZLING RUN IN EUGENE

And when it comes, I'll learn to live with it, but it won't be my first love."

But while in no hurry, Pre doesn't expect to suffer through another summer in Europe. "I'm not the little lamb any more," he says. "Last summer I didn't know what I was doing, but I've become stronger and faster, and where I had 100% confidence before, I've got 100% on top of that. I've been in international competition and now I know what the big boys can do. You don't go out and just run. There's an offense and a defense. When I go back this summer I might not blow anybody off the track, but they'll know I'm there."

The strength, like the confidence, has always been there, and more of both will come. His speed is the key, and it is here, despite Bowerman's fears that Pre might never have as much as he would like, that Pre has shown great improvement. In just a year he has dropped his times in the 100 from 11.2 to 10.7; in the 220 from 25 to 23.2; and in the 440 from 51 to 49. "I can feel myself getting faster all the time," he says. "I work a lot with Roscoe for speed, and he works a lot with me for strength. I don't know if I can keep improving as rapidly as I have this past year, but if I do. . . ." He laughs. "Who knows, maybe in a couple of years I'll

stop running distances and run dashes."

And so last Friday, Steve Prefontaine turned out to see if his newly won speed would help him improve his 4:00.4. "There's no way I can win this race," he said. "But I'm going to try. But if I don't win and I get under four minutes, that would be just as beautiful."

The race was made for a sub-four-minute; the weather was ideal, without a hint of wind, and the track was exceptionally fast. Made of urethane, it had been donated to the university by the late Donald M. Stevenson (class of 1908) and Mrs. Stevenson, and is of the same material that will be used at the 1972 Olympics. "When the Stevensons called and said they'd like to do something for our track program," Bowerman says, "I suggested a rubber asphalt-type all-weather track. Something around \$25,000. They asked how that compared to other compositions. I said it was like buying a Ford and, of course, you could go all the way up to an Olympic-type Cadillac. A week later they called back and told me to buy the Cadillac."

The race was the highlight of the track dedication ceremonies, and it began as expected, with senior Jim Gorman playing the rabbit's role and setting a .59 first-quarter pace. Prefontaine was running third, with Divine seventh. Bower-

man wanted a 2:00 half. Instead he got a 2:01, and Prefontaine, annoyed at the slow pace, moved sooner than he would have liked. He had the lead at the three-quarters (3:02), and then everybody turned it on.

Into the final lap, with the crowd on its feet and making enough noise for twice its number, Prefontaine kicked. Wilborn made a move at him, but was held off as they went down the backstretch. Then it was all Divine, from fourth to third as they entered the final turn, and then past Prefontaine in the middle of the turn, and home in 3:56.3, his seventh sub-four and his fastest, and the fastest in the world this year. Prefontaine finished in 3:57.4 (third fastest in the world this year). Then came Wilborn (3:58.2), Norm Trense, an alumnus from Canada (3:59.1) and Steve Savage, a junior steeplechaser (3:59.2). Five in all, and even in Eugene they don't ask for more than that. Bringing up the rear were sophomore Bob Rhen (4:01.6) and senior Tom Morrow (4:01.8).

"How about that?" Prefontaine exclaimed. "A beautiful sub-four-minute mile. And since it was Roscoe who beat me, I don't even mind that. And that great crowd. Did you hear that?"

And then Bowerman, who is running for the State House of Representatives, following a trail blazed by his father, who was acting governor of Oregon (1910-11), came over to congratulate his youngsters, and they all ducked. He has a dry sense of humor and, while they enjoy it, his athletes are wary of his practical jokes. "Nice going, fellows," he said, and they relaxed. "I guess it wasn't too bad—for a trial run."

"How many sub-four-minute miles does that make, Bill?" said Prefontaine. His athletes call him Bill or Mr. Bowerman, never Coach. It stems from his own days as a track and football star at Oregon. He says his football coach was one of the meanest men in the world, and he insisted upon being called Coach.

"Let's see," said Bowerman. "You and Savage make it nine and 10. Or is it 11? No, 10, as undergraduates. Then if you count Trense and Jim Grelle, who did it after he got out of school, that makes 12." He thought about that for a moment. Then the mockery came back into his eyes. "Not bad for a guy who won't recruit, is it?" he said and went back up his mountain. **ENO**

Stop crying about your cut ad budget a minute so you can read what to do about it.



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For 19% less cost.

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All on network radio.

A note of small comfort on the state of your budget: at least you're not alone.

As a major medium we're in a pretty good position to say that a lot of advertisers have either trimmed budgets or kept them at last year's levels.

With inflation, of course, last year's levels mean a practical cut of between 5% and 6%.

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The average minute on a network primetime TV show now reaches 15.9 million adults 18 and over.

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With a 20 plan on the CBS Radio Network (20 one minute spots carefully ranged throughout the day and week), plus a similar plan on another network, you'll talk to as many as 23.6 million different adults all over the country.

Not only that, but you'll be talking to these 23.6 million people an average of three times each.

And your bill will come to only \$39,000.

Which all adds up to 48% more people for 19% less money.

What a measly \$25,000 will buy you these days.

A half page in *Life*, once.

Half of a primetime minute spot. But since you can't usually buy less than a minute on primetime TV, you'll have to raise another \$23,000 or so.

Co-sponsorship of "Walter Cronkite Reporting" on the CBS Radio Network, five days a week for five weeks.

So your heart's with the ladies, is it?

Fine. With "Housewife 10 plans" on CBS Radio and another network, you can develop up to 22,758,000 one-minute impressions on women 18 and over for \$20,000.

How much will it cost you to make that same number of impressions via minutes on network TV's daytime top 10?

Figure it out:

Broadcast	Commercial minute impressions on women 18 and over	Cost per commercial minute
Top TV daytime	8,039,000	\$ 11,900
Second	6,260,000	10,800
Third	5,960,000	10,900
Fourth	5,670,000	10,800
Fifth	5,440,000	11,300
Sixth	5,060,000	9,600
Seventh	4,950,000	13,600
Eighth	4,890,000	7,500
Ninth	4,870,000	7,100
Tenth	4,720,000	7,800
Totals:	\$5,850,000	\$100,700
Averages:	5,855,000	10,070

To match network radio's \$20,000 impression performance, you'll have to multiply those TV averages by about four.

And if your arithmetic is anything

like ours you'll come up with a cost of over \$40,000.
\$40,000 vs. \$20,000.

Over on the left we mentioned that you could put your stamp on a news event for the price of a page in *Time* (\$40,906, four-color bleed).

You might ask Shell, B.F. Goodrich, General Acceptance Corp., Sherwin-Williams and Hobart Industries about that.

They all participated in our coverage of the historic Apollo 11 moon flight.

Shell, for example, had one-quarter of all the spots and made an estimated 51.5 million adult consumer impressions.

For \$35,000.

Or, if you're sports minded, you might like to know that you could have bought our Triple Crown broadcasts this year—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont—for a total price of only \$25,000.

If Budweiser hadn't

got there ahead of you.

But there's always next year.

You don't have to show the bristles to sell the blade.

Poets have always known that the right word at the right time can evoke a brighter, sharper picture than pictures can.

Now, it seems, creative people in agencies are catching up.

In the last few years, there's been a new wave of radio commercials; colorful, sensible, funny, imaginative, touching radio commercials.

And when it comes to selling products, very effective radio commercials.

We'll be happy to come over with a dossier of recent success stories.

But in the meantime, we'll offer some names in evidence: Excedrin, Pan Am, Campbell Soup.

CBS Radio Network.

Before we run out of space talking about network radio in general, we want to say a few words about the CBS Radio Network.

We're by far the most popular radio network. Seventeen of the top 20 sponsored programs among people 18 and over are on CBS.

We average 56% more adult listeners per commercial unit than our nearest competitor.

If some extraordinary marketing opportunity makes you want to advertise nationally by tomorrow morning, we can have you advertising nationally by tomorrow morning.

We have 247 affiliated stations coast to coast.

When promotions and dealer tie-ins make it imperative that you know exactly where and when your commercials are scheduled to go on, we give you—in advance—a current computer print-out with specific times of broadcast, market by market. We regularly guarantee 90%-95% clearance and very, very seldom have to make rebates. This, as you may know, is unique in radio network broadcasting.

Nine of the top 10 advertisers and 10 of the top 10 agencies use the CBS Radio Network.

Some 467 top executives from *Fortune* 500 companies reported their own personal favorite radio stations. A startling 41% of them named a CBS Radio affiliated station as their first or second choice. The runner-up network had 26%.

So if the state of your economy prompts you to investigate network radio this year, you'll probably want to investigate it first at CBS.



CBS RADIO NETWORK

Source: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH, INC. Advertising Age 40, 10/10/68 and 1/21/70. U.S.C. Order 100-100,000,000, CBS remains. Audience estimates are subject to qualifications which CBS will supply on request.

Well, boys, the old National Open comes up again next week out there in Minnesota or somewhere—at one of those new clubs with a name like a shampoo. Hazenwhat or Hazelrub. I forget. Oh, yeah—Hazelune. Tough course, they say. Blind shots and all. And more doglegs than you'd ever find in a Viet Cong supper. Heh, heh. Well, whatever happens out there, it won't equal the last Open we had here. Remember? By God, that was what

Can Trivia Win the U.S. Open?

by **DAN JENKINS**

you call a real National Open. Had everybody in it—Hogan, Snead, Zilch, Sausage, Marr, everybody—right down to the last few holes. You know who should have won it, don't you? Old Pete Zilch, that's who. Why he had the whole store locked up if he just plays even bogey over the last three. But, of course, he goes six, six, six. Actually, a lot of us thought he deserved a free drop from the hamburger buns on 16 but Joe Dey said play it. We also thought he might have got a free drop from that lady's beehive hairdo on 17 but old Joe said play that one, too. And then, of course, there was nothing anybody could do to help him on 18 when he picked up the bunker rake and chased Joe into the woods. It's two strokes, you know, to ground your rake in a USGA official. Heh, heh. Another little joke there. Well, anyhow, that was some Open, boys, and I'll surely drink to it if we can get a waiter on his feet.

"There've been a lot of interesting Opens."

What's that, pal? You talking to me?

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation and I said that the Open has had a lot of fascinating things happen over the years."

Yeah, well, the USGA would be delighted you think so. You a member here, or somebody's guest, or what?

"For example, do you know what's distinctive about

the Open returning to the Minneapolis area after 60 years?"

Well, friend, I don't know who you are, but there aren't many of us who follow golf who don't know that Bobby Jones won the Open at Interlachen back in 1930, the year of the Grand Slam.

"That wasn't what I meant. It's the amateur thing."

The what?

"Amateurs have won both of the previous Opens that have been played in Minneapolis. Before Jones there was Chick Evans, who won at Minikahda back in 1916. To carry the idea further, Jones won the Amateur at Minikahda in '27, and, of course, Jack Nicklaus won the Trans-Miss at Woodhill in Minneapolis in 1959. It seems that everything that happens in Minneapolis having to do with golf involves amateurs. I think that's interesting."

It's just terrific, pal. You know a lot about golf, right?

"They call it the U.S. Open, by the way. It's the Open Championship of the United States Golf Association. No one who knows calls it the National Open."

Yes. Thank you very much. Now let me ask you this: would you like to play a little game for some money? I mean you're in there tough with the Minikahdas. You want to play something like U.S. Open questions for money?

"Oh, I guess so."

For real cash? Like whip out? And none of this easy stuff like Chick Evans setting a new Open record, and what was it, or what was Ben Hogan's first name, or...

"William."

Huh?

"Ben Hogan's first name is William."

Yeah, right. None of that, and fairly heavy on the history. Like I don't care for the swing weight of Sam Snead's driver, O.K.?

"D-6."

What?

"The swing weight, O-6."

Can I tell you something, Guest of My Club? You're starting to get me a little hot, you know that? Now, if you want to play for whip out, we can play.

"Fine."



When he won it in 1950, his score stood as the record for 26 years.



His win in the Open in 1950 was his first as a professional.

Ten a question? Like if you don't answer my question and I answer yours, then that's 10 for me, right?

"I see. That's fine."

And if we both answer each other's question, then no pay, right? We go on to the next round. And it's whip out, O.K.?

"Fine."

All right, my friend, I see that I have a fresh cocktail here so it appears that we're all set. Now then. You want me to start?

"Sure."

O.K., You ready?

"Fine."

O.K., My first question is Sam Snead, right?

"That's your question?"

I mean, Snead's always second in the Open, right? He's famous for that, in other words. The question is, what player not only won the Open but was, in fact, second *as many* times as Snead? Which was four. Who was that?

"Well, of course, there's Bobby Jones. He not only

won it four times but he was second four times, but if you were thinking about a pro it could be Tom McNamara who was second four times, counting an unofficial wartime Open in 1917. But then McNamara never won the Open. You could mean someone more current, like, well, there is Arnold Palmer, who won in 1960 and since then has lost three playoffs in addition to being runner-up to Nicklaus in 1967. Although I must say that *officially* Palmer has only been second three times, because when he lost the playoff to Julius Boros in '63 at The Country Club he also lost at to Jacky Cupit, and the record book lists Arnold as having finished third. The

answer has to be Jones, then. Is that what you . . . ?"

Never mind.

"I beg your par. . ."

You got it. It's your question, go ahead. You answered it. It's your turn. Terrific.

"Well, your question I suppose was reasonably difficult for the average fan. Let's see. How about this one? Name the last player to win three U.S. Opens in a row."

You're serious?

"Well, yes, I think that. . ."

I mean, that's your question for money?

"Well, it's a legitimate question, I think."

You mean to say, pal, that you're going to sit down in a whip-out game of golf trivia and not expect anyone to know—least of all me—that Willie Anderson was the only

player who ever won three Opens in a row?

"Is that your answer?"

Willie Anderson, yeah. The dour little Scot, they called him. Won the Open in 1903, '04 and '05. Willie Anderson.

"Actually, I had in mind another instance. Perhaps it was a bit of a trick. I guess I ought to let you have Willie Anderson, only I thought you knew enough to. . ."

Hogan?

"What?"

Hogan? You mean Hogan.

"Well, yes. That was what I had in. . ."

Hogan won the Open in 1948, didn't play in '49 because of the automobile accident, and then won in '50 and '51, making three in a row.

"Well, he did win three in a row that he played in."

You want to know something?

"What?"

Can I tell you that I'm *really* hot now? I mean you've really got me hot, you know? Now I have to get tough, O.K.? You ready to get tough? Here's the question. Orville Moody and Lee Trevino, right? Won the Open and it was the first pro win for both, right? Same for Jack Fleck and Sam Parks, O.K.? And the same for Nicklaus in '62, right? Now. What other player is this true of?

"Besides Boros, you mean?"

What?

"Besides Boros in '52 at Northwood, That was his first win, or didn't you know? Well, anyhow, I don't know which one you're referring to, so I'll give you the other two. There was Walter Hagen in '14 and, of course, Gene Sarazen in 1922. It's a good question, but the better way to phrase it would be to say which Hall of Fame golfers won the Open as their first pro victor. . ."

You don't mind if I have another drink, do you?

"Of course not, I. . ."

I mean, as it O.K. if I have another drink in my own club while I'm getting a lot of lip from a guest? Is that O.K.?

"Well, certainly."

It's your question, pal. Shoot. I mean, you're on

continued



He shot 28, which was good enough to lead for one day in 1948.



Was he the only man to win three championships in a row, or did Hogan repeat?



After 36 holes at Medinah this golfer led the way, but Cary Middlecott won.

"Yes, well, maybe I'd better make it an easier one than before. Let's try this. What player won an Open even though he fanned a shot on the last hole of the tournament?"

You're telling me that happened?

"Well, yes. It's very much a part of the lore of . . ."

Can I just inject something in here?

"Sure."

For \$20 instead of \$10, you're out of your stupid mind.

"Well, I wouldn't take the bet because you'd lose. It so happens that Harry Vardon stabbed at his next to last putt and whiffed it back in 1900 in the Open at Chicago Golf Club, and yet he still won by two strokes. Every good golf hook includes that story. You see, our Open wasn't held in such high regard then, and. . ."

Look, let's don't drag this out. I mean, let's get right down to it, O.K.? I mean, you're really terrific with the D's and the Vardons end all that, so let's get down to where it is, all right? Like I got one question for \$100, O.K.? Are we on or not? I mean, yes or no?

"About the Open?"

Yeah, yeah, yeah. An Open question, O.K.? Legitimate question, no tricks. I ask it and you answer. For a \$100 whip out, O.K.?

"Well, I'll try it. Go ahead."

All right. Here it is. A guy won the Open in the 1940s and the very next week he tied in a tournament on the tour with somebody else.

"That was Cary Middlecoff in '49 who tied with Lloyd Mangrum the following week."

Right, but that's not the question. This tournament was played in the Midwest and. . .

"The Motor City Open in Northville, Michigan."

Right. Anyhow, Middlecoff and Mangrum tied after 72 holes and so they went into a sudden-death playoff that was never finished because. . .

"Neither man could win a hole. After nine holes tournament officials asked them if maybe they weren't getting a bit tired, and the players said yes, but let's play two more holes. Which they did. Still tied. So Middlecoff and Mangrum were declared co-champions, the only time a PGA tournament was never actually completed."

Right, but that's not the question. The question is, who was. . .?

"Who was third? Jim Ferrer."

The question is, who. . .?

"Who finished last? That was an amateur named Geoffrey Fairbrother. Shot 311."

No, as a matter of fact, the question is, who led the first and second rounds of the Open at Medinah the week before? Ha!

"Oh, well, why didn't you say what you were leading up to? Les Kennedy led the first day with a 69, and then Al Brouch led after 36 with 141. Middlecoff, as it happened, took over the lead at 54 and held on to win."

Listen, can I ask you just one more question? I mean, I don't care what your name is, but are you free to travel?

(Warning to close friends: next week at Hazenecourt. Tall guy. Gray. Dark glasses. Texas accent. Talk pollution with him.)

By the shores of Gische Gumees,

By the shining Big-Sea-Weter,

Stood the wigwam of Nokomis. . .

Next week in Hiawatha country, by the shores of Lake Hazelline and the wigwam of former USGA President Tot Heffelfinger, the world's best professional and amateur golfers tee off in the 70th U.S. Open championship. The 7,151-yard Hazelline National Golf Club near Minneapolis on which they play includes several beautiful and well-framed holes like the par-3 4th (right) as well as a series of doglegged monsters that are sure to make Hazelline a legend in its own time. The photographs on the next three pages, and the analysis of the course by Jack Nicklaus which follows them, give some idea of the kind of trouble that awaits the golfers at the Open.

Trouble Lurks in Sylvan Glades

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODDS JR.







Minnesota's rolling countryside and lush vegetation are shown to advantage in these views of Hazeltine's back nine (left and above) and of the handsome clubhouse overlooking the 8th and 18th fairways. At left are portions of three holes—the green of No. 16 in the background, the 17th tee just below it and the 18th green at the bottom. Lake Hazeltine, which fringes the northern boundary of the course, makes these among the most picturesque holes of the 1975 Open. No. 17 (above) is a tricky par-4 that requires an accurate tee shot to open up the green.





Blind Man's Buff at Hazeltine

by JACK NICKLAUS

Everyplace I go these days I keep hearing the same things. Jack Nicklaus is bored with golf. Jack Nicklaus has lost his desire to win. Jack Nicklaus would rather fish than play. Jack Nicklaus is over-the-sand-trap, finished, all putted out at the age of 30. Rumors and more rumors. Bored? The only thing I'm bored with are the rumors.

Maybe the one way for me to stop all that gibberish would be to win the U.S. Open championship next week at the Hazeltine National Golf Club in Chaska, Minn., on the outskirts of Minneapolis. It has been three long years since I last won a major championship (the 1967 Open at Baltusrol), and I am sick of hearing and reading that Nicklaus is now 0 for 11 in the four major tournaments.

Unfortunately, Hazeltine will be as difficult as any golf course I have ever played in an Open. It is extremely long at 7,151 yards, par 72, the second-longest Open course ever selected by the USGA. And, for once, the long hitters will be at a distinct disadvantage because 10 of the 14 driving holes are doglegs that demand short, precise drives to Position A. There is no Position B at Hazeltine.

Long hitters who decide to gamble on the doglegs will ultimately discover the rough. This year the USGA has been uncharacteristically charitable. The Hazeltine rough will not be typical of past U.S. Opens. In other words, it will not be up to the golfer's waist—only to his knees. Of course, it still will be thick and waxy, and, as usual, there will be plenty of it.

Considering the hit-short-or-else ultimatum off most of the tees, you would expect a great premium on precise iron play. Not so. The greens at Hazeltine are enormous, averaging more than 40

yards each in length, and even the worst iron players should be able to land their approach shots somewhere on or near the putting surface. As a result, the real advantage is with the superior putter, and the chronic three-putters will have fits.

So, the 1970 U.S. Open will be a putting contest. And I know there are plenty of short drivers and average iron players out there on the tour who can putt you to death. The bent-grass greens will be fast and slick, but they will be very true. There will be more three-putt greens than usual because of the size of the putting areas. But no one will be able to complain about the condition of the greens. They will be perfect.

Naturally, Hazeltine also has more than enough sand traps (101 in all), water hazards (a lake here, a creek there) and trees (elm, oak, maple, birch and butternut) to keep the players honest. But what distinguishes Hazeltine from the 13 other Open courses I have played is none of these things.

What really sets it apart is a factor I call lack of definition. Let me explain. On most golf courses a player has a pretty definite sense of where he's going, even if he can't see the pin from the tee. At Hazeltine the topography on the majority of the holes does not establish a frame for the golfer. I think golf holes should define themselves visually off the tee. In other words, the player should have a clear idea of where he is heading—by sight and not memory, a map or dead reckoning. The topography—a set of sand traps, a cluster of trees, a lake—should provide the player with a frame of the hole so that he can play it in his mind before he hits his tee shot. This is not possible on most of the holes at Hazeltine.

When I played the course for the first time recently I frequently felt lost. Step-

ping onto several tees, I did not have a clue as to which direction the hole might be. I thought then that many players will need tour guides as well as caddies in this Open. On 11 of the 14 driving holes here a player standing on the tee cannot see the area where his tee shot will land. On 11 of those 14 holes he cannot see the green from the tee. This would not be such a problem if the fairway sand traps and other topographical markers were visible off the tee. But at Hazeltine everything is blind. Most of the fairway traps are not on top of mounds; they are over the mounds, hidden from the view of players on the tee.

As you might imagine, local landmarks will be a great navigational aid at Hazeltine. Instead of playing their drives at some visual marker on the hole, the golfers will be forced instead to aim their tee shots at things like barns or water towers. For instance, when you drive off the 1st hole, a dogleg left, you aim for a barn about half a mile off in the distance. On the 9th hole, also a dogleg left, you hit your drive in the direction of a water tower. Then on the 18th you aim for the left chimney on Tot Heffelfinger's roof. The right chimney probably leads to Winnipeg.

This "lack of definition" will not be confined strictly to tee shots. The greens on nine of the 14 driving holes are elevated above the level of the fairway. Consequently, the flagsticks will be barely visible to the players standing over their approach shots, and most golfers will have to walk to the edge of the greens to determine the exact pin placement. All this takes time, of course. I expect that it will take some players almost six hours to play Hazeltine every day.

Like Houston Champions, where we played the Open in 1969, Hazeltine is a relatively new course, opened for play in 1962. The Minnesota Golf Classic, a regular stop on the golf tour, was played there in 1967. Lou Graham won it with a score of 286, two under par—an unusually high total for a tour championship. The front nine there played an aggregate of 801 shots over par, while the back nine played a bit easier—only

continued

U.S. OPEN *continued*

684 over par. Weather conditions during Classic week in 1967 were perfect, too. Since then they have toughened the course—planting trees on four of the holes, thereby narrowing 10 of the fairways.

Next week the trick in the Open will be to get through the first 13 holes close to par. Three of the last five holes offer interesting birdie possibilities to the player chasing the lead. They also offer instant disaster. As I explain in the box (below), the key holes at Hazeltine will be the 16th and the 17th. First of all, though, you must get there alive.

The trouble at Hazeltine stares at you right on the 1st tee. This is the first of the 10 doglegs, most of which turn between 90° and 75° near the landing area. A driver, a two- or a three-iron through the wind to a raised green, two putts—

and you start with a four. I would gladly take four fours if I didn't have to play this hole. The 2nd is another dogleg left but easier than the first because the wind is behind you. The 3rd is a 585-yard par-5 into the wind—not a promising birdie hole. The 4th is a good par-3, about a four-iron shot.

I don't like the 5th hole, a dogleg right, since I will have to lay up off the tee with a one-iron, then hit a six- or seven-iron to the green. The 6th is dangerous, but also one of the best holes on the course, with woods turning the dogleg to the left and water to the left of the green. The 7th is another par-5, a dogleg right with a lake in front of the green. I probably will not know the best way to play this hole until the tournament is over. There may not be a best way. The 8th is an excellent par-3,

a four-iron over water with a left-to-right wind. The 9th is a dogleg left, but you must hit your drive at a water tower.

An even-par 16 will be very acceptable on the front nine.

The 10th doglegs left, with the green at the bottom of a hill and on the edge of Lake Hazeltine. I'll hit a three-wood off the tee for position, then a seven- or an eight-iron down to the green. The second shot here at 10 is the prettiest shot on the golf course. The 11th hole is another par-5—590 yards of double dogleg, two woods through the wind and a pitch into it.

I like the 12th hole, a challenging par-4 with an elevated green that slopes away, and also the 13th, another good par-3 requiring about a six-iron. Hazeltine's par-3s all are superior holes. Stepping onto the 14th tee, the players enter a

Nicklaus on Nos. 16 and 17: the Hinge that

U.S. Open golf courses usually present at least one stretch of critical holes where the championship is decided. The 1970 Open at Hazeltine will be no exception. It will be won—or lost—somewhere between the tee of the par-3, 214-yard 16th hole and the green of the par-4, 344-yard 17th. Players must make their pars at 16 in order to feel safe in going for birdies at the 17th, a dogleg right that is the shortest but trickiest par-4 on the course. Players who make a bogey—or worse—at the 16th will be pressing on

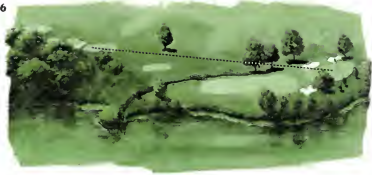
the 17th tee. And the 17th is a miniature dragon that likes to swallow desperate golfers.

Stepping onto the 16th tee, the players probably will not be thinking too seriously about their impending problems. Instead, I suspect that most of them will be in a positive frame of mind after having played the 14th and 15th holes. Now, though, the abyss yawns.

The 16th will be played with a crosswind sweeping from left to right into Lake Hazeltine, which borders the hole but will not

be a hazard factor in the Open. The tee is about level with the green, but there is a deep gully between them. A trap on the front right edge of the green will catch everything in that direction; trees and a few traps will penalize shots that stray left. The tee shot must carry the putting surface, which is one of the longest on the course. I will play a long iron—a two or a three—and try to work the ball from the left side toward the middle of the green. Many players will play a three- or a four-wood into

16



new world. The 14th instantly becomes the best hole on the course. Why? It has definition. You do not have to stand on the tee and hit the ball blind. You can find something off the tee—trees and sand—with which to identify. The hole is only 355 yards, but the driving area is very tight (also very visible, for a change). This one has good birdie possibilities.

The 15th is another par-5, with a dog-leg tee. The tee itself is 135 yards long, and bends right. With a tailing wind, many players will get close enough to the green with their second shots to make a fine run at a birdie. The tournament will hinge on the 16th and the 17th. Finally, at 18, the long hitter gets a break. Although he cannot see where he is hitting, he can stand up and power the ball on this par-4 hole. The big hitters

will clear the traps that sit up on the left, where the hole doglegs, and they should have about a four-iron to the green. The shorter hitters will be using woods to reach the green in two. I hope they don't decide to work on Tot Hefelfinger's roof during Open week.

That is Hazeltine. Is it a fair course? We all must see it up, so it's fair. A thinking man's course? I believe this is one Open course you might not be able to outthink.

Can good golf beat it? I'm not sure. Most of the time you will not know if you will be rewarded for a good drive or a good iron shot to the green. Usually the man who makes the best shots wins the Open. This may not be true at Hazeltine. The hot putter should win.

One thing Hazeltine will not do is place a premium on the total game

There will be little emphasis on chipping, for instance. I think an Open course should demand precision play with all 14 clubs in the bag.

Next year the Open will be played at Merion, outside Philadelphia. Merion is an old-style course, the type I learned the game on and the type of course I prefer to play. It is a course like Oakmont and Baltusrol, where I won my Opens (and like Oak Hill and Olympic, where I didn't).

The U.S. Open is the most important championship I play every year, and it's the one I want to win most. I'd like to shoot about 284—four under par. I don't think anyone will score better than that.

What are my chances? No one can say for sure, but don't count me out for lack of desire. I play to win. I always have. I always will.

Can Swing the Open

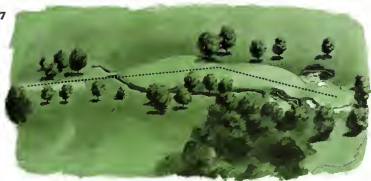
this green. This is the type of hole that preys heavily on a golfer's mind as he stands over his ball on the tee. Indeed, many players will be thinking so intently about hitting a ball 214 yards to a target on top of a hill that they will outthink themselves and hit a poor shot.

The 17th poses completely different problems. It is not a driving hole. Instead, the great majority of players will hit a long iron into the wind off the tee. Where will they hit it? Anyplace in the fairway, thank

you. Standing on the tee, you can see the trees that guard the right rough and spell trouble. You do not want to hit your ball to the right. The trick off the tee will be to hit your ball somewhere around the base of the mound out about 200 yards on the left. There are trees atop this mound, and balls hit into the hill—though they should roll down and land in the fairway—would be positioned so that the golfer would be standing below the level of his ball. A well-placed tee shot—and only a well-placed

one—will leave about a nine-iron to the green. There are three traps around the green, including two that guard the front, and there is water below the green on the right and left. This water runs alongside the right of the landing area, too. The green at 17 offers unlimited pin-placement possibilities, and it has more hills than San Francisco. There will be more three putts here than at any other green. The trick will be to keep your ball below the hole with your approach for an uphill putt. Good luck.

17





◆ The British newspaper *The Guardian* asked **Graham Hill**, who is convalescing from his accident (SI, Nov. 3, 1969), to test-drive the three-wheeled car *Brin*—a provision for disabled persons. "It's a terrible thing," Hill said last week. *The Guardian* quoted him as finding such faults as the grouping of clutch, brakes and steering throttle on a tiller operated by one hand; the tiller itself ("very, very clumsy") and steering. "I found I had to be very careful not to turn the machine over," Hill said. "I have never been in any vehicle like this before, unless you count two vintage cars on the London-Brighton rally, and I would prefer to drive either of them. . . . I felt very vulnerable in traffic. In fact, I was frightened." Hill also pointed out that "these cars are freaks, another bad point psychologically. When they are driving a car, people in wheel chairs have a chance to appear the same as anyone else, but not in these things." Since the test, Hill has visited the House of Lords to discuss the adaptation of conventional cars for invalids. Meanwhile, a spokesman for the firm making the three-wheelers has observed, "It is a small minority of drivers a lot less dis-

abled than most who are kicking up a fuss. You mustn't believe all you read, especially when you get racing drivers to test cars like these. Really, no one's satisfied these days. If you have a mini you want a Rolls-Royce."

"Back in the old days I used to play tennis with people like George Jones, Hymie Finkelstein and Irving Schwartz," observes Comedian **Alan King**. "but last year I played with Gonzales, Laver, Roche, Newcombe, Stolle and Emerson. My game isn't improving, but my partners are."

In 1950 **Gussie Moran** struck a resounding blow for women's rights—more specifically, for a woman's right to wear lace panties. She did throw Wimbledon into a tizzy, but if today's feminine liberationists suspect that Gussie wasn't their kind of pioneer, they are correct. Twenty years after her triumph she is being quoted by *Woman's Era* as saying that she wouldn't be surprised to see Agnes run for President and that she'd vote for him, but, "I really don't think women should vote anyway. The man in the family should vote. I hope we never

see a woman President . . . she'd be too emotional!" Gussie observes that she herself leads a liberated life and has a very masculine role in society. "However," she adds, prettily, "I prefer apple pies."

◆ At the first annual Kentucky Thoroughbred Pro-Celebrity Golf Tournament in Louisville recently, **Jimmy Durante** fairly well stole the show from the pros and such fellow celebrities as **Al Hirt** and Kentucky Governor **Louie B. Nunn**, though the Schuster did not, of course, play any golf. His PR man, Joe Bledon, believes that the 77-year-old Durante, who is strictly a horseplayer, has swung a club once in his life. "But that was so far back that I can't remember when," he says. "It was a celebrity affair of some kind, and somehow the match was interrupted when a train passed by and everyone on it screamed at Jimmy." At this latest celebrity affair Jimmy's ostensible function was to serve as "executive caddy" for **Dale Robertson**. When a sudden shower interrupted his duties (which consisted principally of peering down the fairway after Robertson's tee shots), a reporter asked respect-

fully about his obvious vitality. Had he kept in shape all his life? "Yes, indeed!" said Durante. With what kind of workout? "Oh, dis and dat." But what kind of dis and dat? "Just dis and dat," Durante said firmly, its ambiguous and definite as ever.

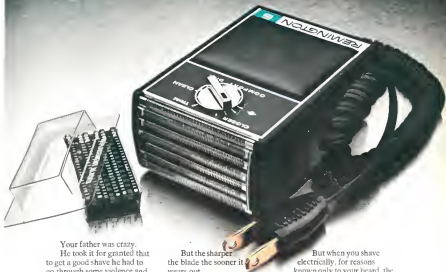
"Who's foolish enough to be swimming in Chesapeake Bay on a cold night like this?" called out **Rogers Morton**, national chairman of the Republican Party, from his launch. "The British Ambassador," His Excellency, The Right Honorable **John Freeman**, M.P., shouted back. Freeman, his wife and Fannymer Taylor Chewing, an American friend, were returning to Chewing's yacht around midnight after a dinner party on the Eastern Shore when their dinghy capsized. But, Chewing reports, "The Freemans are very able swimmers. They were calm and collected."

Randy Matson was less than two inches off his world record when he put the shot 71' 4½" at the Kennedy Games in Berkeley, Calif. last month. As he explained later, "I'm a stockbroker in Houston, and the market was so low most of the year I just had to get out and work off some frustrations." Presumably, as the market climbs back up, Matson's marks will go back down.

Jack Meyer will not even retire as headmaster of Millfield, the most expensive school in Britain, until 1971, but he has already announced that when he does he'd like to have his ashes scattered on the cricket pitch there. "It's a pretty fast pitch as it is," he says, "and a few ashes should make it even faster." This puts Meyer one up on the **Duke of Wellington**, who thought highly of the playing fields of Eton but never expressed the wish to be one of them.



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Why disposable blades?

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But now, because Remington makes replacement blades for its shavers, they can make the blades much sharper.

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Only painless. And bloodless.

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Also, you should know that when you shave with a razor, as years go by, your beard gets tougher. And naturally so does shaving.

(You remember those sandpaper sounds that were part of your father's routine?)

But when you shave electrically, for reasons known only to your beard, the hair on your face stays the same.

Fortunately, you're not set in your ways like your father. You're still young enough to change.



So if someday you decide to come out from behind your beard and re-introduce your face to the public, at least you'll be able to do it under peaceful conditions.

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THE CLUB'S THE



THE CLUB'S STILL THE THING

We came across this 1898 Canadian Club advertisement while searching through our archives. It appeared just three years after the first U.S. Open. The game has changed a bit since then. But it's sort of nice to know that one club hasn't. It's still the world's lightest whisky... "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



THING



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Up top, left to right: the vertical golf knit pullover in half-and-half Dacron[®] polyester and cotton, with longer collar and button placket, about \$7. The straight-legged

Scotset[®] space check slack in the same blend doesn't need a belt (or much upkeep, either), about \$20.

Bottom left: the Doug Sanders Madrid double breasted sportcoat is tailored in 65% Dacron[®] polyester / 35% worsted wool, buttons up brassy and has the long center vent; in lots of great McGregor colors, about \$65. Right: the vani-stripe pullover is 91% Arnel[®] triacetate / 9% nylon, tri-stripes the body and does the collar and placket in white, about \$14.

COLLARS REG. 1 M
SPORT REG. T M



The uncanny Color Calculator by

McGREGOR

The battle of Lismore Castle began on a green spring Saturday afternoon last month and ended at midnight when detectives of the Irish Special Branch, supported by 200 *garda*, battered down the castle door to eject 31 members of the old Sinn Féin, who had occupied the building for seven hours. Loud cheers went up from spectators as the Sinn Féiners marched out through the front gate. Later, the unrepentant Sinn Féiners predictably sang *We Shall Overcome* as the police hauled down various provocative banners from the castle tower flagstaff.

But the occupation of the castle was only a preliminary bout. The main event was the public fish-in on the Blackwater River, the best beats of which, like Lismore Castle itself, belong to the Duke of Devonshire, who is undeniably an English aristocrat and who, in fact, was staying at his estate in England at the time of the trouble.

It wasn't the first Irish fish-in by any means, just the most publicized to date, and it went according to plan. On Sunday morning after Mass, a number of anglers who had no legal right to fish the duke's water went down to the river and started casting, watched by a large crowd on Lismore bridge. No salmon were caught—although last February at a similar fish-in on the River Boyne, Mr. Thomas Reynolds of Drogheda, County Louth hooked a 25-pound salmon, which he later entered in the competition for a national trophy.

Since 1968, every major river in Ireland has been fished in by anglers who are protesting against private ownership of fisheries in the Republic, and there is no doubt that the movement has wide popular support. The campaign is not backed by either of the two major political parties in Ireland, Fianna Fáil and Fine Gael, however. Instead it is masterminded by Sinn Féin, a small extremist party which is generally held to be the political arm of the illegal IRA. For them, the private ownership of fishing rights, especially by foreigners, is the latest object of attack in a movement which hitherto chiefly concerned itself with foreign ownership of land. Ostensibly, the fish-ins are organized by a body called the National Waters Restoration League. The secretary and the chairman of the league are both prominent members of Sinn Féin and operate from the Dublin offices of *The United Irishman*, a monthly journal of far-out revolutionary views.

It was in *The United Irishman* offices, in fact, that I talked to Seamus O'Tuathail, the league chairman (he likes his name spelled that way, though in Ireland his name would more commonly be written O'Toole). The secretary, Sean Kenny, was unable to make the meeting, having that very afternoon been whisked away to Mountjoy Prison for attempting to occupy the British passport office in Dublin.

"I never held a fishing rod in my hand," Mr. O'Tuathail said cheerfully, "but I could see how unhappy the anglers of this country were. There have been odd protests for 20 years, but they've all been sporadic and easily put down. Now people like myself who are political people have seen that there's something useful to do, and we've joined the anglers I can tell you," he chuckled, "that the company was a bit standoffish to begin with. Anglers are a funny lot and a few of them have been supping too long with the captains and the colonels who own the rivers. One or two of the fish-ins have been spontaneous, but most of them were organized by us." Us, of course, means Sinn Féin.

O'Tuathail explained tactics. A mild flirtation with the law is the first step. You go down to the river and you fish. You make a gesture. But you avoid a di-

Bloodless battle on the Blackwater

rect confrontation with the *garda* if you can. Lately the river owners have been taking out court injunctions against fishers-in who get their faces recognized.

"We don't mind that," said O'Tuathail easily. "They expected us to put down our heads and charge—to go against the injunctions. This would be the normal Republican attitude: to hell with them! But, no, I told the boys, don't go near them. So what we do for now is force as many of them as possible into court to get injunctions. This means they're going to have to spend as much as \$150 a go. They'll get their injunction all right, but we get the publicity."

I asked him about Lismore. "It was an escalation of the campaign," he said,

continued



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FISHING continued

"because the castle is a bit of a symbol." He slipped easily back into history. "The Duke of Devonshire's background—he's a descendant of Lord Mountjoy who in 1601 won the battle of Kinsale against the last of the Irish chieftains, Hugh O'Neill. Mountjoy got thousands of acres of land in Munster and river rights on the Blackwater, the richest salmon river in Munster, and that's saying something. We found out the English press was very sensitive about the Duke of Devonshire when we ran a little fish-in at Lismore a while back, so we thought that if we lowered his pennant and ran up the tricolor, there'd be more commotion, and so there was. The boys did no damage, mind you. It was the *garda*," O'Tuathail continued censoriously, "that hacked through the furniture. Quite unnecessary."

O'Tuathail is fairly vague about what might happen if there was full public ownership of all Ireland's fishery resource. It was suggested that before long there wouldn't be any fish left if there were a free-for-all. At one point he said that he would not approve of all comers fishing without control but later said that all state license holders should be free to fish where and as they pleased. "It's a question for the people to decide," he said. "We're not going to be able to solve all these problems straightaway."

He wouldn't compensate the present owners, either. "We'd be very happy," he said delicately, "with a simple termination of the status quo."

This, seemingly, is not the opinion of the present government of Ireland, which recognizes the possibility, even the desirability, of publicly owned fisheries. A little while ago, the then Minister of Agriculture, Neal Blaney (now awaiting trial in Dublin on a charge of smuggling arms into the Republic during last summer's troubles in the north) wanted to set up a commission to look at public control of fisheries but changed his mind when he was warned that compensation amounting to around \$21 million would have to be paid to owners.

The dukes and the earls and the gentlemen with military titles, whose presence in Ireland O'Tuathail resents so much, tend to keep quiet in this situation. "The least said about this the better. They've had enough publicity, these people," snorted Colonel Silcock, the Duke of Devonshire's agent, when asked

about the Lismore fish-in. Major Michael Law, a pleasant, quiet-spoken man who owns four miles of fishing on the Boyne, in County Meath, was more talkative. He had been served notice of a fish-in, which did not take place because it snowed on the day. He is puzzled by what's happening. "My father bought this place 45 years ago," he says. "My family has lived in Ireland since about 1600. Since I've been here, I've always been easygoing about the fishing. I'm on good terms with the local angling club in Drogheda. They're having a trout-fishing competition next Sunday, and I've told them to fish the whole water."

He puts a classical question, "What is property? When are they going to start taking the cattle and the hens?"

On the whole, Major Law feels that the headache and the worry of running a private fishery, with catches spiraling downward as a result of the Danish salmon netting, is only marginally worth it. "If the government is prepared to nationalize it, and they'll pay us adequate compensation, as far as I'm concerned they can have it."

In fact, the future of Irish fishing is likely to lie neither with people like Seamus O'Tuathail nor Major Law. Both are out-of-date figures in the Ireland of 1970 which aims for peaceful progress helped by tourism and foreign investment. Both really belong to the troubles of the 1920s, the romantic rebel and the tweed-jacketed landowner.

Today, quietly and without fuss, a state-supported organization called The Inland Fisheries Trust is already administering great sectors of Irish fishing, particularly the fine trout lakes of the midlands and the west. "Their story," said the *Irish Times* recently, "is one of the most heartening of modern times. If it should happen that an Irish government should take full ownership, there is an organisation in being which is equipped to do so."

For the moment, though, the IFT is finding it difficult to recruit many anglers willing to pay \$2.40 a year to fish their thousands of acres of lakes. The *Irish Times* continued wryly, "It used to be said that it was easier to die for Ireland than live for Ireland; it might be said in the present context that it is easier to protest against some landed colonel than to pay £1 to do real work for Irish fishing rights."

END

51

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Manager of a high minor

Raoul (Rod) Dedeaux, a 55-year-old gentleman from Los Angeles whose little paunch and oversized, black horn-rimmed glasses make him look like the businessman he is, was caught in a dilemma when Oriskany leadoff man Don Buford stepped up against Met Pitcher Tom Seaver in the first inning of last year's World Series. Dedeaux wanted Buford to hit a home run—which he promptly did on the second pitch—and he also wanted Seaver to throw a perfect game. His quandary was not caused by any indecision on his part. Wispy-washy men do not build \$5-million-a-year businesses, as Dedeaux has done. His problem simply was that Seaver and Buford were his boys. He was not about to pick a favorite.

Dedeaux has been confronted by similar dilemmas for years, although never

before in a World Series. His boys happen to be alumni of the University of Southern California baseball team. Each February, no matter how things are going in his trucking business, Dedeaux (pronounced DAY-dough) cools it with the shipping contracts and the headaches over the new Teamsters demands and immerses himself in the pleasant vagaries of college baseball. Using laughter and discipline in about equal measure, he has won more games (932) and more national titles (5) than any other college coach. Dozens of his players have made it to the big leagues, at least for a while, and annually his teams are ranked among the 10 best in the country.

The current Southern Cal team is no exception. The Trojans finished the regular season with a 41-42 record. They took the title in a tough Pacific Eight, beat Santa Clara in the district playoffs and are favored to win the College World Series in Omaha next week.

This will be Dedeaux's 12th appearance at the College Series. As a player, he never did make a big-league Series. After starring at shortstop for USC, he was signed for the Dodgers in 1935 by his current Glendale neighbor, Casey Stengel, and batted .300 as a minor leaguer before a broken back—he played with it that way for most of a season—brought an end to his career. Dedeaux returned to California, spent the last \$300 of his baseball money on a 1934-on Chevrolet truck and went into the hauling business as his own driver. He took over the USC baseball team in 1942, when Coach Sam Barry joined the service. USC won the league championship that year and, although his hair has been silvered by 29 years of sophomores, not much else has changed except Dedeaux's circumstances. He's richer.

Len Gabelson, the Dodger outfielder who is one of Dedeaux's eight active major leaguers, says, "Coaching young men in college gives him a refreshing vitality which I am sure is a welcome change from his usual work. It certainly helps his players."

Effervescence is Dedeaux's most per-

vasive trait. He is a vigorous, gregarious man who booms around Los Angeles, smiling, patting backs and greeting everyone from the district attorney to his own drivers with equal gusto. "Hey, tiger. Great to see ya, ol' buddy."

"The things I remember best about playing at SC," says Seaver, "are that we worked hard, learned a lot and had a really great time doing it."

Dedeaux, with a lingering love of fraternity-house slapstick, institutionalized most of the good times long ago. Every road trip on USC's schedule begins with the coach yelling, "Whack it to 'em busse, you're driving the champs," and one of the sophs wearing a zany red wig. There are no somber, pre-game meditation sessions for the Southern Cal team. When Dedeaux delivers his scouting report, which is based on his own highly reined grading system, he invariably begins by telling his pitcher, "There's nobody in this lineup who'll make you tingle." Opposition players are identified as "big brown dogs" if Dedeaux feels they lack sufficient enthusiasm for the game or play as though their rear ends are leaded. After every win the Trojans sing *MacNamara's Band*, giving more attention to volume than harmony. Once a season, on Saturday midnight after road games against Stanford and California, Dedeaux leads his team in a song fest while standing on a safety island in the middle of the street in San Francisco's North Beach section, the area that first bared topless go-go girls.

"I think first of all baseball should be enjoyable," Dedeaux says. "Winning is the best way of making it that way. By keeping my kids loose and laughing, I can help them win. Of course, the laughing doesn't extend to the field."

Dedeaux's teams play a polished, well-disciplined game that reflects the professional aspirations of most of his players and his own stress on avoiding mental errors. "Physical mistakes are part of the game, but mental ones don't have to be," says Dedeaux. "At the level of competition we play, the teams are pretty even as far as talent goes, but we manage to win more often by minimizing the mental errors and executing the fundamental plays correctly."

To help cut down mental lapses, Dedeaux uses a system of fines that relies more on digging at a player's pride than draining his wallet—two bits from the second baseman for backing up a throw



DEDEAUX TUTOR'S LATEST USC CROP

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STEVE TRACHTENBERG

HOME: Boston, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Associate Dean (Boston University), Professor, Lawyer

HOBBIES: Politics, Bicycling, Writing concerned Letters to the Editor, W. C. Fields movies

LAST BOOK READ: "Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Collaboration in editing the book "Higher Learning and The Rule of Law."

QUOTE: "If the university is to retain its value as an institution, it must find imaginative but practical ways to deal with this country's troubles. Society wants the university to help solve problems, not just go 'tsk, tsk.'"

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too slowly, two hits more from the right-fielder for tossing to the wrong base, a third fine to the hitter who swings too hard at a two-strike pitch instead of shortening his stroke to protect the plate.

USC players take the fines seriously. On a recent road trip to Oregon, the game was delayed by rain between the second and third innings. As Catcher Craig Perkins, who had drawn the game's first penalty, headed for shelter, he earnestly asked a teammate, "If the game's rained out do I still have to pay?"

"I learned more in one year at USC under Coach Dedeaux than I would have in two or three seasons in the low minors," Seaver says. "I learned concentration and to stay in the game mentally." It is not coincidental that Seaver is an excellent fielder and, for a pitcher, a good bunter and hitter. Dedeaux's pitchers all receive special, lengthy batting and fielding instruction.

It is Dedeaux's reputation as a masterful teacher, not any plush facilities, that draws Southern California high-school players, the best in the country, to USC. The Trojans' clubhouse is in the basement of a 40-year-old building, and a towering eucalyptus tree insinuates itself into fair territory along the right-field line of Boyard Field, which, not too long ago, the track and baseball teams shared. One day an outfielder was shagging fly balls when a run-away javelin speared his pants leg, leaving him miraculously unscathed though firmly pinned to the ground.

Despite these disadvantages, Dedeaux usually competes with big-league teams, not other colleges, for players. Two years ago when the Dodgers tried to locate their No. 1 draft choice, a shortstop from Stamford, Conn., they found him with Dedeaux in a restaurant. If USC had all the boys who had signed letters-of-intent but broke them to turn pro the past two springs, Dedeaux's lineup would include major league or Triple A players at every position.

Among the leftovers are a brace of big-league prospects. Pitchers Jim Barr and Brent Strom have a combined 25-2 record and neither allowed a run in the 20 innings they pitched in exhibition games against the Dodgers this spring. Third Baseman Dan Stolzgratz has shown major league power with 14 home runs and Shortstop Cal Meier has averaged .311. But the best Southern Cal player may be junior Dave Kingman, an 11-4 pitch-

continued

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States of America.

[illegible]

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

The image shows a single page from a historical manuscript, likely a pharmacopoeia or a botanical treatise from the 16th century. The page is densely packed with handwritten text in Latin, arranged in two columns. The script is a cursive hand, characteristic of the period. At the bottom of the page, there are several small, detailed botanical illustrations. These include a root-like plant, a leafy plant, and a cluster of small flowers or fruits. The illustrations are drawn in a simple, sketchy style, typical of early modern botanical manuscripts. The overall appearance is that of a well-used, historical document.

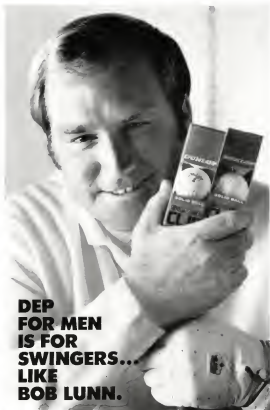
The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States

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BASEBALL continued

or last year who batted too well, Dedeaux thought, to play only once a week. Kingman stands 6'6" and is the only non-Californian among USC's regulars. Before he broke an arm in the team's 13th game, he was batting .533. Among his hits was his longest home run which he cracked off Dodger Pitcher Joe Moeller. "Dave has wanted to be a pitcher all his life and he was hesitant about moving to the outfield," says Dedeaux. "But I told him he has a chance to be a great one—I mean somebody like Musial or Mays or Aaron—and he changed. He may have more potential than any hitter I've coached."

Rod Dedeaux's word alone should push Kingman's asking price way up. But a .500 hitter who can throw and think? In this year of runaway races—14 of the 24 major league clubs have lost more games than they have won—the mind boggles at the coming struggle for the latest, and maybe best, of Rod's boys.

THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

AL EAST Mighty BALTIMORE WAS suffering from bad hitting, beanballs and even defeat. In their first tour of the West this year the O's went 4-5 and hit barely over .220, and Paul Blair required surgery for "multiple facial fractures" from a Ken Tatum fastball. Blair, who had been complaining about getting nothing but breaking stuff this season, said, "I was guessing slider and he threw it hard and the ball rode in on me." Now York, meanwhile, was creeping up on the Birds with a five-game win streak. Ralph Henk was so pleased that, as Fritz Peterson told it after a victory over Kansas City, "When we tied the score I leaped up and put my finger in Ralph's eye. He just laughed." The Yanks couldn't even complain about their streak-ending loss to the White Sox Sunday—it drew 65,880 fans, the largest baseball crowd in five years. Pirates' Al Kaline, whose jaw had to be pried open by Willie Horton so he wouldn't swallow his tongue after colliding with Jim Northrup recently in the outfield, stroked his 2,500th hit, and Horton drove in his 500th run. When Kaline hit his milestone single he asked the nearest umpire, "How about getting me the ball?" "Why?" asked the ump. Mike Andrews of astoria had a 10-for-14 hit streak as the Red Sox won everything that wasn't rained out. The three most consistent wash-

INGTON hitters of last year—Frank Howard, Eddie Brinkman and Del Unser—were, respectively, 36, 31 and 31 points below their '69 averages. CLEVELAND enjoyed a five-game winning streak, but Owner Vernon Stouffer admitted he was in financial trouble. He said the Indians must draw at least 900,000 this season (last year they drew 619,970), and added, "This is a fast-changing world. It's not just a baseball crisis. It's affecting all corporations." And so it was—Dean Chance was shifted to the bullpen.

BALT 30-18 NY 31-24 BOS 20-23
DET 24-26 WASH 24-28 CLEV 31-28

AL WEST

Luis Tiant had a injured back, Dave Boswell was on the trading block and Jim Perry and Jim Kaat had been beaten 5-1 in successive games. So MINNESOTA came up with 19-year-old Bert Blyleven, who last year at this time was a starter for Garden Grove of Calif.'s High School. The first batter to face him in his debut against the Senators homered to right, but Blyleven went on to win 2-1 with help from Ron Perranoski's 13th save. CALIFORNIA bullpen ace Ken Tatum sent a letter to the Orioles apologizing for beating Paul Blair and plunking Bog Powell: "I admit I did smile, just at the sight of such a big man scrambling to get out of the way. Smiling at Powell had nothing to do with hitting Paul." OAKLAND lost Saturday but also attracted the team's largest paid attendance ever, 48,754, by giving away green bats which—as the local radio announcers kept assuring listeners—were "legal" for Little League use. KANSAS CITY lost six straight, including Jim Rooker's bid for a no-hitter against the Yankees. Horace Clarke broke up the no-hitter in the ninth, but Rooker held on until the 12th, when Clarke's sacrifice fly beat him 2-4. CHICAGO still got few timely hits. "We don't have the killer instinct," said Manager Don Guttenridge. MILWAUKEE was encouraged by Bob Bolin's complete game, the team's first since mid-May. "Wes Stock has been working with Bobby, and Bolin's been very receptive to him," said Manager Dave Bristol. "That boy sure pitched good. Duenn, he pitched good." He lost, though.

MINN 24-12 CAL 32-30 OAK 29-28
CHI 28-33 KC 18-33 MIL 18-26

NL EAST

CHICAGO was still getting its share of wins on hitting, especially Jim Hickman's in the clutch, but things were looking up a bit for the Cubs' pitching, too—Ken Holtzman pitched well in the early innings on Wednesday for the first time in weeks. Holtzman had been having such first-, second- and third-inning troubles that the Cubs were considering warning him up twice before the game—or "maybe," said Pitching Coach Joe Becker, "we should start him in the fourth inning." NEW YORK lost four in a row. Against the

continued



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Braves, Tom Seaver got the first 30 men out, gave up a single, slammed down his resin bag in anger over that imperfection and went on to lose 3-1, his fourth straight setback and fifth in his last six decisions. PITTSBURGH moved into second place with shutout pitching by Bob Moose, a high compliment from Chris Canizzaro ("the Pirates are as tough as not tougher than Cincinnati") and, on the other hand, execrable base running. In a 14-8 loss to San Diego, for instance, Matty Alou and Richie Hebner managed to convert their successive singles into a double play—Alou stumbled rounding second and was tagged out, and then Hebner was trapped off first. The Padres' Pat Dobson beat St. Louis 3-2 Friday and said, "That was the worst stuff I had all year." Massa, the 46-year-old gremlin at the PHILADELPHIA zoo, sent the Phillies a telegram offering his services as catcher after the total of injured Phillie receivers mounted to four. But the Phillies went to their bullpen and activated 32-year-old Coach Doc Edwards, who required a second effort to settle into his crouch in the late innings but picked up three hits as the Phillies won. The Phillies also installed three Pennsylvania Dutch hex signs, from Paradise, Pa., atop their home dugout.

Coco Laboy of MONTREAL preferred reading his new miniature Spanish-version Bible on the plane to Atlanta, where he broke the Expos' 11-game losing streak with a ninth-inning homer off Hoyt Wilhelm. But he said, "A Bible is not lucky. You don't ask God to help you play games."

CIN 28-21 PITT 27-38 ST. L 34-28
NY 28-28 PHIL 23-29 MONT 18-22

NL WEST Nothing much new in CINCINNATI, unless you call Tony Perez' 18th, 19th and 20th homers, Johnny Bench's 16th, 17th, and 18th homers, Jim Merritt's 11th win and Wayne Simpson's eighth win new. At their present paces Merritt will win 33 games and Perez will hit 60 home runs. ATLANTA beat Tom Seaver for the first time since May of '68, behind Pat Jarvis, who said he won on "body English"—referring not to all the times he fell to his knees after releasing the ball but to the gyrations he used copying Cleon Jones' long drive foul in the eighth. "I hope to stay close to Cincinnati," said LOS ANGELES' Walt Aikens, "and then make a run at them when Bill Singer gets back." Claude Osteen's

eighth win kept the Dodgers barely within running distance. The ERA of Houston's Jim Bouton has been off since his book *Roll Foul* began to cause shudders of outrage because of its violation of locker-room privacy, but his ESP looks pretty good. After Tom Griffin finished his pregame warmups Thursday, Bouton told Coach Buddy Hackett, "Tom's going to pitch a six-hit shutout tonight." And he did. No one pitched any kind of shutout for SAN FRANCISCO, whose defense yielded an average of eight runs for the week. The Giants looked like they were trying to challenge SAN DIEGO for next year's No. 1 draft choice. The Padres won three straight, getting two homers from hot-hitting Clarence Gaston, and exercised the prerogative of last year's tailender by drafting Catcher Mike Iye of Decatur, Ga. "He will be playing in the big leagues before he is old enough to vote," said a Padres' spokesman. They probably didn't realize in San Diego that you can vote in Georgia when you're 18—but then Iye, who is 17 now, says he thinks he'll be up to the bats in a year and a half.

CIN 40-15 ATL 29-23 LA 26-24
SF 26-20 HOUS 28-28 SD 25-22

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Hey? Young Pete Hamilton, the rosy-cheeked son of a Harvard Ph.D. and a Tufts B.A., tools down the back chute at the Daytona International Speedway during the early hours of a limpid spring day to begin a test of his Richard Petty-blue, high-winged Plymouth SuperBird. *It takes forever to get from Turu Turu to Turu Three, and there's not much to do except to talk to yourself or sip or look at the birds.* But young Pete Hamilton, his arms stiff on the padded steering wheel in front of him, the grainy pebbles of sound penetrating harshly to his brain, is doing none of these. He is laughing. *Hey! It's 9 o'clock on a Wednesday morning and you know what I'm thinking? That at that moment I'm the only guy in the world driving a race car at 200 mph—and I probably win.* He reaches the entrance to the third turn, high against the outside retaining wall. Still smiling, he turns the wheel to the left and eases off the throttle ever so slightly as the car dives deep to the inside groove. Then he gets back on the gas and the car drifts lonely back up the high bank and prepares for the long run down the main straight.

Pete Hamilton is a Lord Jim of the Southern speedways, a sweet zephyr blowing across the cold, hard face of a sport business so steeped to cynicism it is beyond tears. On one hand are the promoters who see only the dollar signs; on the other are the automobile and tire manufacturers and the accessory companies who would pull out of racing in a minute if they didn't think it sold their products. In between are the drivers—the mercenaries, the hired guns, the soldiers of fortune—and as one top driver said recently, "You get so cold-blooded after awhile you just don't care."

Pete Hamilton has not yet been caught up in any of this. There hasn't been time. He is just 27, this is only his second full season of NASCAR Grand National racing, he is driving for Richard Petty, a man he has worshipped all of his racing life, and he has already won two major races this year—the Daytona 500 and the Alabama 500. He has also won more than \$85,000 and has appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. For the last four years, he has been living a dream and this is how it happened.

1967—Hamilton, born and raised in Newton, Mass., had been knocking



A light heart and heavy foot have rocketed Pete Hamilton to stardom

Fair-haired boy of the stockers

around racing's minor leagues for six years, mostly in New England. His career had been interrupted by losing bouts with hepatitis, the Army Reserve and the University of Maine, and he decided the only way to make a name would be to win the NASCAR sportsman-car championship. Which he did.

At the NASCAR awards banquet for that season Hamilton, a gangly string-bean of a kid with a butch haircut who walked like a grasshopper in heat, received his trophy and mumbled the usual thank yous. He then turned to Petty, who was on the podium for the second time as the Grand National point champion. "One of these days I'm going to be sitting where you are," he said. The crowd laughed and applauded his brashness. Petty smiled.

1968—The next logical step up was to the Grand National division of NASCAR. Hamilton moved to Charlotte, N.C., the geographical center of NASCAR country, drove the first part of the season in a Ford and finished the year in a Dodge. He started 16 races. Although he did not win any, he led several and finished in the top-five three times and the top-10 six times. He was named rookie of the year.

1969—Hamilton was faced with a critical choice. His Grand National ride had dissipated and he had two options—either to bounce around the circuit and take whatever rides might come along or drop down a notch to NASCAR's Grand Touring division, where he was assured a superb ride in a Camaro sponsored by Gene White, an Atlanta tire dealer. Hamilton chose the latter. He started 26 races, finished 14 of them and won 12.

But the end of the year found Hamilton in a depression. Both of his parents were bedridden in a hospital and he learned White could not campaign the Camaro the following year. Then some good news. Word leaked out that Petty, who in 1969 had defected from the Plymouth camp in favor of Ford, was returning to Plymouth and would campaign two cars during 1970.

1970—Well, Petty is a god in the South, no less to the drivers against whom he runs than to his thousands of fans, and Hamilton, like a friendly puppy dog, had followed Petty around the Grand National circuit for the past two years trying to learn at the feet of the master. Early in the year, on one pretext or another, Hamilton called Petty in Level Cross, N.C., and on Jan. 6 Richard invited him over. Level Cross (pop. 100, mostly Pettys) is located just north of Randleman and just west of Climax. After an afternoon's conversation Petty took on Hamilton with a handshake. The next day Pete went to work.


On Feb. 22 Hamilton hunched himself, all arms and elbows, over the steering wheel of his SuperBird, and ousted Ford veteran David Pearson to the finish line in the Daytona 500 (St. March 2), perhaps the most prestigious of Grand National races, and became an instant hero. In April he coasted home one lap in front of the field in the Alabama 500 at the new Talladega speed-

continued

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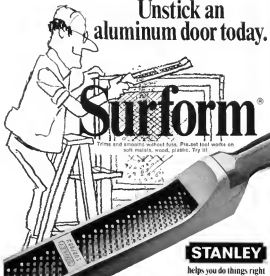
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MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

way. Last Sunday, at the Michigan International Speedway, he started on the pole in the Motor State 400 and had a rousing wheel-to-wheel battle with the veteran Cale Yarborough, ultimately losing to Cale by a mere two-tenths of a second. (Pete protested later that the scorers had given Cale a lap too many, i.e., that he had won.)

Instant success, however, has created instant problems. On the light side, since Hamilton is from the North, articulate and gregarious, and a one-year collegian (tough in the sciences, not so tough in the arts), he has a background different from that of the majority of his fellow stockers. As *The Christian Science Monitor* said recently: "His hands are clean. His hair is combed. His suit is pressed and he doesn't use don'ts in his sentences where there should be don'ts. You keep looking at him to see where they pinned the *Good Housekeeping* seal of approval." It's not the kind of thing that helps Hamilton to be accepted.

Worse, however, is when people come up to Petty and kid him about his "Hamilton-blue racer" and about being "Hamilton's No. 2 driver." Pete cringes.

"Hey, listen," he says. "I want to tell these guys that I got where I am because of this man. Everything I am I owe to him. He has won 105 Grand National races and I've won two. At that rate..." and his voice trails off.

In a more serious vein, older drivers who have struggled for years to accomplish what Hamilton has in four months are naturally resentful of his sudden success. One factory driver said, "He's young and single and would be happy making \$100 a week. It's a perfect situation. He's a little smart-alecky, but I guess he's entitled to that."

Hamilton approaches every race weekend with the enthusiasm of a kid about to start his first soapbox derby and is ribbed unmercifully by the two dozen Petty mechanics because, as one of them, Richie Bursz, said recently, "You let them chauffeurs get the big head, they ain't worth a damn."

Hamilton's overall record of consistency—seven finishes (two firsts, one second, one third, two fifths and an eighth) in eight starts—is perhaps more impressive even than his victories. By nature he is a charger, but in none of his races has he immediately gone to the front. "It's tough to stay back," he says. "It only means 300 or 400 less

continued

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rpm, and when you see a guy in front of you, you want to show your backside to him. Drivers don't like to look bad, but you've got to swallow your pride and lay back." In his two wins Hamilton led for only a total of 32 laps out of 388.

Hamilton is doing the best he can to embrace his adopted region. He shuttles the 100 miles between his bachelor pad in Charlotte and the 50-acre Petty compound in Level Cross and says, "All I want out of racing is to stay with the Pet-ty until I retire and then move to Randleman and raise a family."

So far there have been few problems. Hamilton still cannot quite believe his good fortune, and for his part Petty says, "I took on Pete for a lot of reasons. There are other drivers who probably could win, but he doesn't want to just drive. He wants to work on the cars, he's determined, he's good public relations and he thinks a lot. That's important."

Hamilton is also a good listener. Every now and then Petty will take him off into a corner and volunteer another piece of high-speed advice. In a minute Hamilton will come away, a slightly sheepish look on his face, and say, "Well, that's lesson No. 428."

By all appearances their relationship has been one of near-perfect understanding. But lurking on the horizon is an obvious and potentially devastating situation. It is this: one of these days young Pete Hamilton and old pro Richard Petty will be running side by side in their twin SuperBirds in the dying moments of a major race and each will have a chance for the checkered flag. It hasn't happened yet, but it is a situation that intrigues all of the Grand National drivers, especially Hamilton. Will Pete pull over and let the boss win? Not likely. "I've thought about it a lot," said Hamilton, "and I think Richard would be disappointed if I didn't race him."

Which brought to mind an attitude Hamilton had expressed over a year earlier—before Daytona and Alabama, before Petty, before his \$85,000. "Would you get in a race car," he was asked, "if you knew beforehand that there was no possible way for you to get hurt in it, that it was totally safe?"

Pete thought for a long time. Then he banged his fist down on a table and said, "No. I would not. That's what racing is all about, isn't it?"

Hey!

END



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In a soliloquy by the sea, thoughts flow out with the tide. The mind empties and the pendulum of surf keeps time imprecisely. Seashells are picked up and turned over in the hand, and a man seeking new meanings

perhaps will find them there. For shells, as well as being skeletons of animals, are skeletons of thought. They are models of order, proportion and symmetry, sound designs for living that men have pondered as long as they have walked on beaches. All of which is idyllic. And grand. And true. But shell collecting at its sunny, satisfying, back-bending best can be lively, not

continued

A GUMSHOE IN A SHELL GAME

by Pat Ryan





reflective, sport. I found out. I hadn't meant to—the trip to the Gulf was to be no more than a restful interlude, two aimless weeks at a beach, hot sun on my shoulders, a bagful of books that would probably go unread. But I happened on a sheller, several shellers, in fact, for Sanibel Island, Fla., where I had chosen to stretch out my beach towel, is one of America's extraordinary seashell-collecting sites. I was told that no sophisticated sheller would stoop to scavenging on a beach, for the ocean debris is worn and lusterless. He stalks his whelks in the wild, hunter and hunted, pursuer and pursued, across tidal pool and sandflat, amid eelgrass and sometimes oels. For him, shell collecting is blood sport, the enthusiast develops good wind, strong limbs and a staunch stomach—which he needs to clean his catch.

It takes prodding to bester oneself to try a down-to-mud approach to the wonders of the sea, but once you are gum-shoing on a conch trail, the pursuit proves captivating. Left behind forever is the romantiest who stands at the water's edge, holding a shell to his ear to hear the sound of waves. Any sheller knows the same effect can be achieved

with a milk bottle: the sound that seems like an echo of the ocean is caused by vibration and your own heartbeat.

The shelling sport—and it is officially considered one in California, where shellers must buy fishing licenses—requires various approaches. Collectors wade through marshland, ferret about wharf pilings, peck through oysterbeds. They snorkel, scuba dive and dredge for their quarry. Earnestly competitive, they sometimes carry their hunts to extraordinary lengths. One purposeful Florida lady gutted 1,000 blue dolphin—she got them from charter-boat captains—searching for the fragile Paper Nautilus, which dolphin sometimes eat. She found five, and felt well rewarded for her unappetizing labors. Much of the gratification is in personal discovery, the satisfaction that comes with finding one's own prize specimen.

During the new and full moons, when shelling is at its best, there are collectors who live by the tides, hunting at the ebb day and night—and sleeping in between. They are forever to be found at the country's great shell beaches: Sanibel, Southern California, Puget Sound, the Florida Keys.

Money is hardly the reward of shelling, but it is a measure of the passion involved. Today, rare shells sell for as high as \$3,800. It is not so much the beauty of a species as the supply and demand that determines price, and there often are frantic fluctuations in the market. The Precious Wentletrap is an example. When Europeans first found it in the Far East in the 17th century, this shell was regarded as a royal prize. Catherine the Great and the Queen of Sweden owned Precious Wentletraps, and I ran-civil, the Holy Roman Emperor, is said to have paid \$20,000 for one. So bullish was the wentletrap market that Chinese tradesmen began making artificial ones out of rice paste, a fraud that went undetected for years. Eventually a collector decided to clean his Precious Wentletrap. He dipped it in water and watched aghast as it dissolved. Today the Precious Wentletrap is considered less than precious (it sells for around \$10) and the rice-paste imitations have become treasured rarities.

Variances in the price of other shells are less extreme. The Golden Cowrie, found frequently through World War II, used to bring \$15 to \$30; it is now scarce and costs \$200. However, the Channeled Nautica, a \$200 shell 12 years ago, is marketed these days for \$8.50; dredgers have discovered large numbers of them off Australia.

But shell collectors rarely gauge their success by the monetary value of the shells they own. Until a few years ago a bell used to be rung on Sanibel Island when anyone there found a Junonia. Such a shell could have been bought for as little as \$5 in the local shell shop, but that was not the point. Shell-collecting friends rather casually will give each other \$100 finds as birthday presents. And they see no particular irony in keeping a \$1,000 shell in a plastic hair-curler box. I met one lady on Sanibel Island who lived in a rented, sparsely furnished house. Her fortune, what little there was of it, was in her shells. She brought down from the rafters hayboxes and cardboard cartons filled with tissue-wrapped seashells. They were worth far more than the house itself. And one saw in the way she held each in her hands her reverence for them.

Most valuable shells are found in deep water, often by commercial fishermen dredging or netting. Some superstitious shrimp-boat captains regard shells as evil omens and throw back \$100 specimens without wincing, others trade them for bottles of whiskey. Even fishmongers can profit from shells. A Leucodon Cowrie, one of only three ever found, was discovered undigested in the stomach of a grouper. The shell is worth \$3,000—about \$1,000 an inch—and now belongs to John duPont, a 31-year-old bachelor who is building a museum in Greenville, Del. for his large collection.

The fascination with shells is not limited to country or class. Collectors range from Key West hardshells to Emperor Hirohito. The first direct communication from the Emperor to General MacArthur's headquarters immediately following the Japanese surrender concerned seashells. The Emperor was inquiring about the well-being of an old collect-



ing friend who lived in Philadelphia. From time to time Hirohito and an imperial chamberlain are photographed ankle-deep in mud searching for shells. Until World War II one particular species, known as the Emperor's Silt-shell, was considered Hirohito's private property and Japanese fishermen who found them had to turn them in at the palace.

Because few shells are found worldwide, what is commonplace in Rehoboth Beach is a rarity in Brisbane. Long-distance trades are struck and shells shuttle from nation to nation. The variety seems infinite. Mollusks, as scientists call the shell animals, are a far older form of life than man. Some seashells have existed virtually unchanged in design for 200 million years. Clams, mussels, oysters and scallops are types perhaps 60 million years old. In a progress-oriented age it is startling to realize that the Red Helmet shell which a Los Angeles housewife displays on her coffee table looks the same as the one a Cro-Magnon man had kept in his cave in France some 25,000 years ago. This is probably the only object the two establishments have in common, which says much for the enduring attraction of seashells.

The trade routes of prehistoric men have been traced by shells found with their bones. For instance, the Red Helmet shell discovered in the Cro-Magnon cave in 1895 must have traveled hand to hand from East Africa, for Red Helmets only exist in the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

One of mankind's earliest empires had seashells as its economic base. Phoenicia extracted her famed Tyrian-purple dye from them, and scholars believe an abundant supply of the necessary shells may have been a factor in the establishment of Phoenician colonies. It took a heap of shells, something like 3.5 million, to produce a single pound of dye, but there was a princely profit in the business. Darius hoarded 150 tons of purple cloth in the Persian treasury and Cleopatra went to war under purple sails. About a century later Emperor Caligula marched the Roman legions in full battle array to the English Channel, moved up the siege engines and ordered the troops to gather

seashells. They filled their helmets and tunics. Later the Emperor commended his men for their successful plunder of the sea.

In some places, though hardly ancient Rome, shells would have been considered worthy spoil. Tribal peoples used shells as money and in villages in central New Guinea they still do. As of a few years ago, the going rate was 450 shells for \$3.36. The American Indians preferred wampum money, beads made from clam shells, and this is where such slang expressions as "a hundred clams" probably originated. Shiploads of shells used to be brought to Victorian England from the Orient. Shell Oil was then a transport and trading company and it did a brisk business importing shells. Kerosene was just a sideline. Even now, the company's tankers are named for shells—*Dryas*, *Hemiglypta*, *Murex*—a charming if cumbersome tradition.

Latin names are sometimes particularly apt for shells if not for ships. Because of the huge variety within each species, naturalists have tended to be descriptive in choosing names. There is the Hard-edged Fleishy Limpet, the Knobby Keyhole Limpet, the Rosy Keyhole Limpet, the Giant Owl Limpet, the Unstable Limpet, the Painted Limpet, the Triangular Limpet, the Dwarf Suck-on Limpet, the Northern Blind Limpet, to say nothing of the Small-ass Cone, the Dung-like Cone, the Tuberculate Cone, the Livid Cone. The roster goes on and on: Sad Unicorn, Shipwrecked, Impoverished, Grinning, Depressed, Pulid, Stolid.

The names show appreciable flair and fancy. Among the most noted of shell namers was the 18th century Swedish biologist Carl Linnaeus. His lively imagination caused consternation and blushes in Victorian parlors. If a particular seashell bore a striking resemblance to a part of the body, Linnaeus did not hesitate to call it by that name. For a while, not many people were disturbed since the terms were always in Latin, but in 1803 a British shell expert wrote: "A few of these terms, however strongly they may be warranted by the similitudes and analogies which they express and which when



so pointed out are of great advantage to the language of science, are not altogether reconcilable with the delicacy proper to be observed in ordinary discourse."

Present-day conchologists skirt the issue, frequently naming newly discovered species of shells for friends or the people who first find them. The result is names like *Conus megalis*, which, it must be admitted, has a flair of its own.

Collectors always use the Latin names when referring to shells. (They would be horrified by a friend of mine who has a whelk he calls Lawrence.) This establishes a means of international communication. When a trade journal reports that tribesmen in New Guinea attach the *Orula orum* to the front of their canoes in the belief that it keeps them from getting lost, collectors throughout the world are able to identify the shell. If a beginner finds himself tongue-tied over *Trigonostoma apastzi* or *Pleurotomaria adamsiana*, he can buy a long-playing record cut especially for shell collectors that makes it all sound easy.

Now that summer is coming and the beach is beckoning, why not give the LP a whirl, pick up a little jargon and take a slightly more aggressive view of beach-

continued

walking's finest sport? Indeed, it is not even necessary to wait until the full sunstroke of vacation time, for you can get launched in your living room anytime. Shells are found three miles down in the ocean and collectors sometimes spend as much as \$3,500 a week renting boats and hiring crews to dredge for deep-sea species. These are small, often colorless, but intricate shells. The most esoterically inclined collectors dredge for full-grown microscopic specimens no larger than the dot over an "i." A sampling of this expensive sport has been made possible by Jim Moore, an enterprising dredger in Bradenton, Fla., who sells mail-order dredge by the bushel basket. The dredge costs from \$15 to \$35 depending on the depth it was brought up from (20 to 200 feet). Moore's dredgings have been subjected to no preliminary inspections.

"It's a gamble, like fishing," he says.

"Thousand-dollar shells have been found, and then again you may get nothing much but sponge and sand." His customers, however, seem satisfied. "Please send me three bushels," a housewife in Missouri wrote last winter. "I can pretend I am at the beach. It's been 12 degrees below zero here."

Shelling in the living room whets the appetite for the live sport. Observing animals and the design and equilibrium of nature is part of the satisfaction of any hunt, be it for shells or birds or lions. The whelk, looking for his monthly meal, preys on the clam and using the edge of his shell pries it open, somewhat like taking the cap off a bottle. In turn, small Crown Conchs prey on the whelk, encircle him and wait patiently. The whelk opens his door to breathe and they strike at his soft flesh. Scars of such silent battles mark many shells, for the survivors

can repair themselves with secretions of lime, patching their knobs and broken lips as they build new shell chambers for their growing bodies. There is even a shell—called the Carrier—that cements stones and vacant shells to its edge, probably as camouflage. It is a ragspicker of the sea, and it finds some very good values in the marvelous cemetery that is the ocean floor. By itself a Carrier is worth \$10, but it sometimes decorates its rim with \$50 shells.

Collectors forgive the Carrier its penchant for rubble, but let the novice collector pick up half a scallop and it won't be worth the backbend. Mrs. Elsie Malone, the proprietor of a celebrated shell shop on Sanibel Island, remembers making that mistake as a beginner. She was sorting a bucket of shells and a stranger asked her for a small yellow one. "I won't give it all to you, but I'll give you half," Mrs. Malone said. The entire shell, a lemon pecten, would have been worth \$25, but half a pecten, Mrs. Malone soon learned, was not worth a halfpenny.

Sanibel draws thousands of shell enthusiasts each year. Scores of different mollusks can be found there, and three days after a good northwest blow the beach may be littered with windrows of shells two feet deep. People wear sneakers as they walk the shore, and each step is marked by the crunch of shells beneath rubber soles; the feet of shorebirds would be better suited to discovering the rich minutiae of this Lilliputian world. Sometimes after a storm, serious collectors find shells still alive or freshly dead on the beach and these meet their rigorous standards, but usually the experts hunt the island sandbars and its backbays for trophies that clearly have the luster of life.

Shelling and bird watching are the two Sanibel pastimes, and the setting is well suited to moving at a snail's pace. There is no slicked-up Gulf frontage, for the residents have opted for peace among the sea grape and cabbage palms instead of profit. Water turkeys dry their wings by roadsides. Pelicans nest in the mangroves. Alligators, herons, egrets and eagles crowd the marshes. In the inlets, mullet fishermen work seines. At





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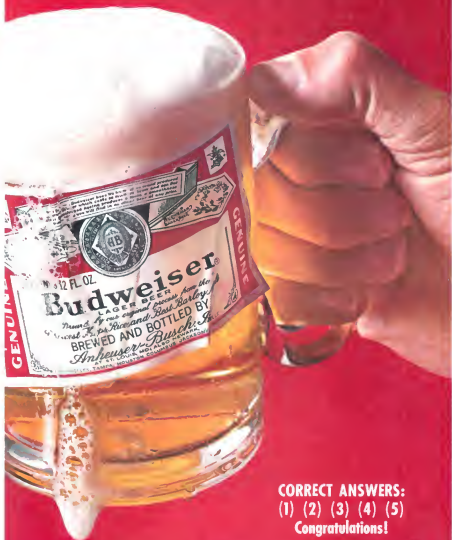
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Levi's

SHELL GAME *continued*

the lowest tides the shellers wade to the sandbars in the Gulf and follow Olive and Tulip snail tracks. The siphons of delicate Angel Wings poke through the sand, but the animals themselves are buried almost two feet down. In the bay, shellers move through the eelgrass in knee-deep water and around mangrove islands where the Crown Conchs feast on oysters. Thumbnail-sized snails make furrows in the sand and you can see them through the water's ripple, small humps working their way across the flats. In comparison, whelks leave tracks like marauding elephants. Some of them are hoary, barnacled oldtimers and to find one 20 inches long is not unusual. When they are picked up by the tail they spit water in outrage before retiring into their shells. Collectors make their choices discriminately; animals with chipped shells are put back to heal. In a collection a sheller wants to have a growth series of a species, and shells that show variations of color in the animal. So his needs are specific and the hunt is purposeful. As he moves, his feet feel in the mud for the bulge of jumbo clams, and these are added to the game bag for chowder. The empty shells that lie on the bay bottom are like tenements, overcrowded with starfish, dogwinkles and hermit crabs.

The hermit crab, incidentally, is quite a shell collector on his own. To protect his soft body, the hermit—which often lives on land—appropriates empty shells that he finds lying around. He looks for a good-fitting model, and if he is satisfied he walks off with it. Which is where the sheller can get into trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Rusty Bennett, two experienced collectors in Marathon, Fla., recall how they once left some shells on their patio. Within hours a fine Hawk-wing Conch had disappeared and had been replaced with a battered Banded Tulip. One evening soon after that they heard a clatter, switched on the porch light and caught the thieves. This time three hermit crabs were lined up waiting to exchange shells. The largest was trying on one of the Bennetts' Tulip shells. While he was checking the fit, the middle sized hermit crab walked off with the first crab's clothes, so to speak. Then

continued

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SHELL GAME *continued*

the third and smallest hermit shucked his shell, but sadly the second crab's discarded shell did not fit him yet. Crabs, it seems, don't mind hand-me-downs, but collectors do.

The Bennetts run the Palms motel in Marathon, deep in the Florida Keys, and my aimless vacation having by now become a trophy hunt, I had been sent there, a fledgling enthusiast is handed on from friend to friend in the shelling fraternity. It is 175 miles from Sanibel to the Keys, down the west coast, through the pensioners' colonies of Fort Myers Beach and Naples, east along the rim of the Everglades, and south again through the tomato and bean truck farms to U.S. 1, which threads through this tangle of our continent. Quite suddenly the water turns a milky blue-green and the wind blows fresh. Long bridges link the ravel of islands and the workaday towns. The shambly shops, restaurants and bait stores have catered to sport fishermen for decades. Here there is a boat in every carport, and the surflet of bonefish, tarpon and permit are legend. But mecca for the angler turns out to be mecca for the sheller, too. The tidepools crawl with life. Shells not half an inch long have patterns varied as snowflakes. Collectors turn rocks and then replace them, careful to leave these small backwaters undisturbed. The only sound is the splash of the sheller's steps. Off these coral islands, in knee-deep water, young Queen Conchs roll. (They have at least one maternal instinct to justify their name. The Queen Conch permits cardinal fish on the run from enemies to hide in her shell. The little fish darts into the fleshy cavern of the conch and she obligingly shuts her door. When the danger to the cardinal fish is past, the conch opens up again and bids her guest goodbye.)

Shellers search the shallows, peering at the intricate floor of coral and sponge through glass-bottom boxes; these help cut the sun's reflection and make it easier to distinguish sponge from coral from shell. On clear days, however, the best shelling is done by snorkeling along the reefs. There a collector may find three dozen different varieties in one day's outing.

continued

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For every parent...
For every teacher...
THE TIME GUIDE TO

DRUGS AND THE YOUNG

At least 5 million youngsters in this country have tried marijuana.

They're not delinquents or from urban slums. They're kids you know. Maybe your own.

Like it or not, drugs permeate much of today's youth culture. Children as young as nine or ten are singing songs of drug-induced highs, wearing clothing inspired by psychedelic dreams, speaking the jargon of the addict and experimenting with dozens of possibly harmful substances.

THE FACTS ABOUT DRUGS

Against this background, the TIME Education Program has created **DRUGS AND THE YOUNG**, a clear, comprehensive and unemotional look at drug abuse.

Originally prepared for the TIME Social Studies Program, this exclusive guide is now available to the public. Its price is \$1.50 per booklet; or for orders of more than 10 booklets, \$1.00 each. (Postage and handling included.)

Many of the points brought out by the booklet are surprising; some are shocking. For example:

- Unlike heroin, most drugs taken by teenagers are relatively inexpensive. A "joint" of marijuana costs only about 75¢. A Dexamidine pill just 10¢.
- Many parents unwittingly steer their children toward experimentation by their own abuse of so-called accepted drugs.
- Underground pushers don't hook most youngsters on drugs. Their friends do.
- Drug education should begin at about the third grade level. Drug abuse has already reached some junior high schools.

The booklet points out that the worst strategy a community can adopt is to pretend that no problem exists. It is in the comfortable suburban areas and rural towns—the "It can't happen here places"—that drug use is growing fastest.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- What drugs are youngsters using?
- Why do youngsters start on drugs?
- How often does experimentation lead to addiction?
- Where do parents go wrong?
- How should drugs be approached in the classroom?
- First-person accounts by two youngsters of their experiences with drugs (on spirit-master for easy duplication.)

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SHELL GAME — Richard

When the shellers return to their motels their pails are crawling with their multicolored prizes. Guests will stop—like tourists on a pier when the fishing boats come in—to gaze at the elaborate animals.

The true test of a sheller's ardor is not in the number of shells he collects, but the number he will clean after the day's kill. Men especially seem inclined to suffer shell shock after bringing their first whelk to a boil on a motel stove; perhaps wives have been hardened to the facts of death after cooking lobster dinners. Housekeeping cottages throughout the Keys come equipped with multigallon pots that are available specifically for administering the coup de coque. After the animal has simmered for a while, it will come out of its shell when pulled with a fork or a crochet hook. If this method does not appeal, the animal can be frozen and later thawed and cleaned. In the Pacific shells are laid out on the sand and maggots do man's work. Another potent method is soaking your catch in strong rum for more than a week, a treatment that people might abide but one which the inhabitants of shells cannot. Every shell, except the most minute, must be gutted in some fashion or an unbearable stink will result.

In addition to the shell, the door, or operculum, of the animal is kept by collectors. Once the resident has been ousted, the shell is rinsed in water, barnacles and growths are removed by steeping for a while in a Clorox and water solution, and finally the shell is brushed with baby oil.

What, in the end, does the sheller have that the beachwalker does not? It is hard to say—a better shell, a prettier shell, but also something more. For life generates respect. Think back upon primitive man, to the people who believed that the oceans, mountains, clouds and winds were all living things. There's was an uncommon awe, an emotional intimacy that modern man, who does not believe an ocean lives, cannot share.

So it is with seashells. It is their lifestyle, not simply his own, that the shell hunter ponders in his soliloquy by the sea.

See

END

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year. And many of them must be arranged before your friends leave the other side.

So write to them. Tell them to talk to their travel agent or overseas carrier. (That way, they can get all the details.)

Then add one more thing. Tell them America is not so big and bustling that no one will have time for them—and you'll

be around to show them the ropes when they arrive.

Now sit back and wait. With any luck, you may soon be showing them America as you see it. But better be prepared for one surprise.

You may soon also be seeing America as they see it—rediscovering it through their wide and startled eyes.



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Leave	Arrive
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHEELS' DEALS

Sirs:

Re This Saint Has Been Called a Sinner (June 1), it is very difficult for me to believe that Ernie (Wheels) Wheelwright is or ever has been associated with Mafia types. I soldiered with Ernie as a platoon of the 108th Airborne Division (the Screaming Eagles) during the years 1961-63 and got to know him quite well. Ernie undoubtedly can make it—without the “help” of undesirable types.

LEWIS MCRAE

Grand Turk Island, B.W.I.

Sirs:

You refer to Ernie as a “30-year-old, second-string running back.” The way I see it, “Old Ernie” isn’t figuring on playing any football next year and is taking advantage of an opportunity to get plenty of free publicity for his Central Park South.

THOMAS A. COOKE

Jeannette, Pa.

THREE OUT OF FOUR

Sirs:

At least somewhere in New York there is someone (Walter Bingham) who knows where the Cubs really stand (*Say It Again, Rube!* June 1). Congratulations on an excellent article.

NEL BRANDON

Middletown, N.Y.

Sirs:

Walter Bingham’s article on the Cubs-Mets games was completely one-sided. Sure the Cubs beat the Mets three out of four, but he doesn’t have to write it up as though it was the World Series.

JOHN LA-ROCCA

Akron

Sirs:

All I can say is, “Poor you” is right, Chicago.

ROBERT MOSELEY

Ridgefield, Conn.

FLICKERING PHILLIES

Sirs:

In the article concerning the return of Richie Allen to Philadelphia (*Cowdles Are Baroque Low in Philly*, June 1), you made a special point of telling how he beat his former teammates with those hits of his. How about telling the other half of the story? During the game on Sunday (May 24) Philadelphia pitchers struck out Mr. Allen five times.

JANICE MAZUR

Wilmington, Del.

FRANK ASSESSMENTS

Sirs:

Well, King Beard, seemingly needing no help from Dick Schaap, proceeded in a cutting and tactless display that certainly made no friends (*The Best of Them Burn and Burn*, June 1). On the contrary, Frank must have wiped out even the little “pitter-patters” of applause he receives (repeated) in one fell swoop. The crushing blow, of course, was

continued



Maybe what you've got isn't ordinary dandruff.

If you use a dandruff shampoo on Tuesday but dandruff's back on Thursday, see your doctor. What looks like dandruff may be an early sign of psoriasis, eczema or seborrhea. So shampoos for ordinary dandruff may not relieve the scaling, flaking and itching. But Tegrin Medicated Shampoo guarantees relief from these symptoms in 7 days—or your money back. Tegrin doesn't just wash and rinse away. It leaves an invisible medicated barrier that keeps working for days. Helps control scaling, flaking and itching with regular use. Leaves hair neat and clean.



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(A tale of great gravity from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

NEWTON: Let me remind you, friend, that I'm a serene man of science, and the chances against anything violent befalling me are precisely $(X^2 - 2ab)^3$.

MONY MAN: Undoubtedly correct, Sir Isaac. But even at such odds against your being disabled, our actuaries figure...

NEWTON: Actuaries? Did you say actuaries? You mean your company retains men of science?

MONY MAN: Indeed we do. MONY actuaries are among the most learned mathematicians in the insurance world. That's why we can offer policies of such outstanding value.

NEWTON: In that case, do continue.

MONY MAN: Well, take a MONY Disability Income policy. If you're suddenly disabled by accident or sickness and can't work, for a modest premium, you're assured of income to help care for your family.

NEWTON: Very good, but not for me. After all, $(X^2 - 2ab)^4$...

Ed. Note: While it's well known that the falling apple started Sir Isaac thinking about gravity, few know that the blow incapacitated him for some time. And so distracted was he by worry over lack of income, it's sheer luck that gravity was discovered at all. Which leads us to our moral.

MORAL:

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18TH HOLE *continued*

a borrowed phrase about Palmer being over the hill, over 40 and lacking desire. Beard did manage to thank Palmer for the money he has brought to the pro golf tour. Beard has a heart of gold.

Leaving Palmer wounded and bleeding to death, Frank blatantly suggests that Jack Nicklaus win one out of every three tournaments, an impossible feat these days with so many good young golfers, and then he proceeds to deliver a cruel blow to Gary Player. Beard never mentions Player's dedication or golfing ability but only elaborates on Gary's regard for his health.

However, because Frank Beard still commands respect as an excellent golfer, even the most ardent fans should afford him a second chance. I hope he takes advantage of it.

JIMMY BROOKS

Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

Frank Beard's definition of a nice guy certainly doesn't apply to himself. He should have called his book "Jealousy on the Golf Tour." His reference to Arnold Palmer's "unmanly" fans is as offensive as anything my children and I have read in your magazine. I hope his children don't read it.

SALLY ANN McELHEARN

Jamaica Estates, N.Y.

Sir:

Who does Beard think he is? Does he feel that spectators should have to pass "Cliff Roberts' Test of Regulations" to empathize a little on weekends? I think Beard would like to have a subsidized tour—no spectators needed; he'll call the folks and tell them the results. Beard should understand that he can't have it all. He's either got to be thankful for a superstar bringing out the gang, or he's got to be satisfied to play in \$20,000 tournaments—in silence.

ART DLUGACH

San Francisco

Sir:

The Frank Beard series was very interesting and enjoyable reading. He has candidly shown the pressures facing all golfers on the tour, as well as a remarkable insight into the styles and lives of the great golfers, himself included.

DONA PANAGAKIS

Syracuse, N.Y.

HOPE FOR HOPKINS

Sir:

Congratulations on your article on the 1970 Virginia lacrosse team (*One Team, Anyway, Says, Yes, Virginia*, May 25). It is undoubtedly a fine team with some excellent players (e.g., Tom Duquette) but it upsets me to see you once again ignoring Johns Hopkins. Hopkins lost three All-Americans

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

last year, and this year was not given any chance of winning or even sharing a fourth straight national championship. Yet Hopkins decisively beat Navy (the team Virginia does not even play Army. Upon reflection maybe you will come to see that Hopkins, and not Virginia, is "the best of this spring's championship trio." If not, we can wait, since Hopkins used only three seniors against Army, Navy and Maryland and we possess, probably the two best sophomore multitalents in the country in Gary Handelman and Eric Bergofsky.

BRENT ROCKS

Baltimore

K & K

Sirs,

As an oldtime Yankee fan, I read with enjoyment and nostalgia Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on Charlie Keller (*Keepers' 'em Down on the Farns*, May 18). It reminded me of two stories about Charlie that I think might be of interest.

1) He was, to my knowledge, the first player to insist that cash collected for a day in his honor be used to set up a scholarship fund. The cash from Charlie Keller Day went to his alma mater, the University of Maryland.

2) When Red Rolfe, then the Tiger manager, hired Keller as a coach, he explained his choice in approximately these words: "He's a used-to-winning, class Yankee and that should be a help to any ball club."

A good man, Charles K! A good piece, Jerry K.

JOSEPH E. MCKAY

New York City

Sirs,

During World War II it was my privilege to command a U.S. Navy gun crew on a merchant ship which had Charlie Keller as its maritime purser. Needless to say, a few ocean crossings in the confines of a relatively small ship give one an opportunity to learn many things about one's fellow man. Frequent philosophical interchanges, many reflections on the values of sports participation and a daily cribbage encounter gave me an opportunity to know the greatness of Keller. His desire to win, his competitive spirit, his willingness to sacrifice for a better performance and his use of strategy and insight were all conched in a framework of fair play.

Please accept my sincere thanks for painting the picture of a true champion.

JACK B. DUGHERTY

Bloomington, Ind.

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